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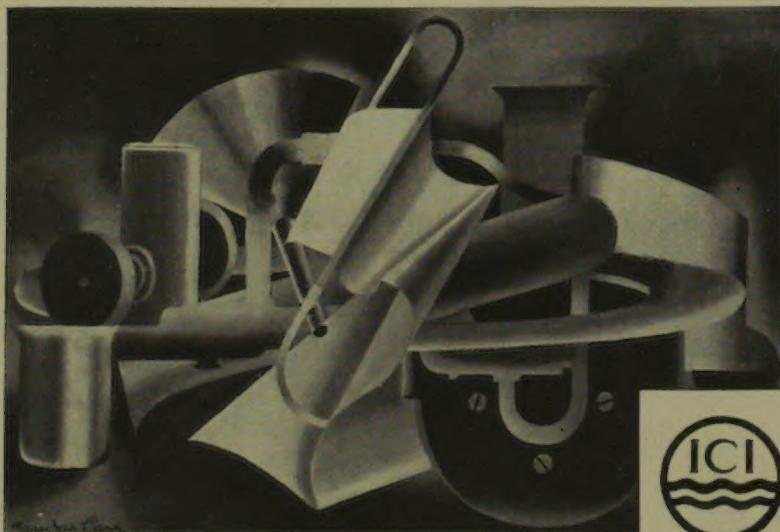
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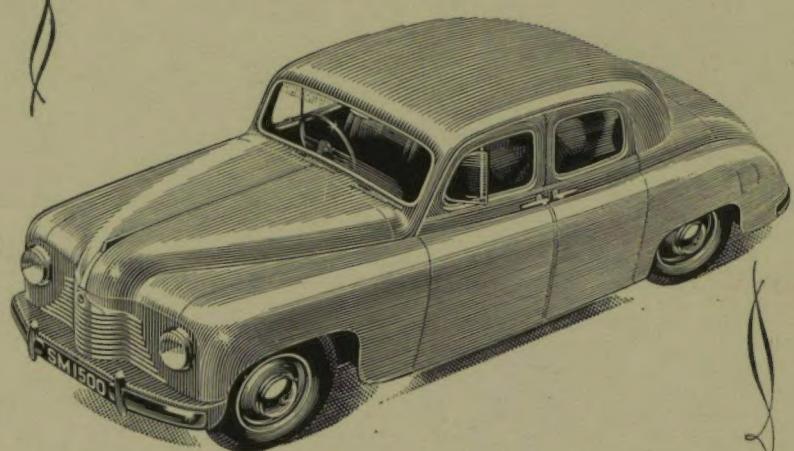
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Such achievements have been sometimes the brilliant discoveries of inspired individuals, but are more often the work of teams of research chemists co-operating on a given task and working to a set plan. The announcements in this series are proof — if proof were needed — that the British spirit of initiative and enterprise is still alive.



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*The Motor of July 6th, 1949, says: The S.M. 1500 in fact, shows up better and better the harder it is driven.

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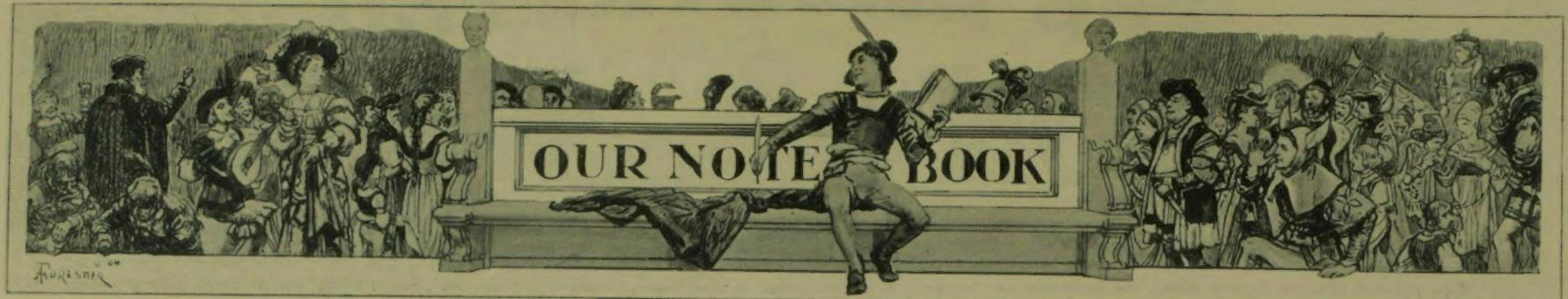
SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1950.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH HAS THE EXPERIENCE WHICH EVERY SAILOR'S WIFE KNOWS WELL: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
WAVING GOOD-BYE TO HER HUSBAND IN THE DESTROYER CHEQUERS.

This photograph of Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh, will rouse a fellow feeling in the breast of every other girl who has married a sailor, for she is undergoing one of the ordinary experiences of a naval wife. She is waving good-bye to her husband, from Tigne Point, Malta, and straining her eyes to catch the last glimpse of his ship, H.M.S. *Chequers*, as she steams off on a duty cruise. The Princess

returned to this country on December 28 and joined their Majesties and her little son, Prince Charles, for the New Year at Sandringham. It is reported that she may pay another visit to Malta to rejoin the Duke of Edinburgh when he returns to the island in the early spring. In our photograph, Princess Elizabeth is shown with Countess Mountbatten and Lady Pamela Mountbatten (centre and right).



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

MANY observers in the Press have noted that England looked more its old self this Christmas than it had done at any time for a decade. This was certainly true of London, where the shops were at least as full as they had been in 1939, and a great deal fuller than they had been since, without any black-out to hide their glories from the streets. Two nights before Christmas I dined, almost in solitude, in a little club in the heart of theatreland—once the haunt of great Victorian actors and their fashionable and learned patrons—and emerged afterwards into the lights of Leicester Square. I was almost startled, and most agreeably surprised, to see how bright it was, and bright, I thought, in a pleasant, friendly, informal mode, instead of in the glaring, rather false, overcrowded, patently vulgar way habitual to this part of London in the overfed, over-noisy years just before the war. It reminded me, in a quieter way, of London at the time of King George V.'s Jubilee—the most charming London public occasion I can recall since 1914. Everyone was happy and enjoying themselves in an unostentatious, unself-conscious easy way. It was so all along Coventry Street and through the Circus, where I settled into a bus, and up Regent Street. One felt, for a moment, that the traditional spirit of Christmas and the twentieth century—those fundamental incompatibilities—had temporarily come to terms. A rather Scrooge-like person by temperament, as scribes generally are, I could not help enjoying the sight of so much gentle and sober gaiety, such twinkling, friendly lights and such pretty things in the shops. This was far removed from that eternal and echoing revelry associated with the night-life of modern cosmopolitan cities, which is my idea of hell.

Of course, a good deal was lacking: it could not be otherwise after six years of war and five of a confused and exhausted peace. Oranges, for instance, which one could buy before 1940 in abundance and absurdly cheaply, were not obtainable at all, at least in my part of the town, though tangerines—for which I had never formerly cared much, but was grateful for this year—were in good supply. I have always thought an orange the best fruit in the world—the best for health, the best for taste and the best for keeping; before the war I used to eat one after every meal and another before going to sleep, squeezed into a glass; and when any of my particular friends was ill I not infrequently descended on them laden with bags of oranges and tiresome injunctions to eat and drink nothing else! Now the fruit of sunnier climes no longer pours in ceaseless tribute on imperial Britain; times have changed and we are back where our forefathers were in the sixteenth century, when a "dozen orings" were a gift for a king. I remember coming across them in a manuscript list of a North Country Mayor's official presents in the year of the Armada. Perhaps Mr. Strachey was solemnly presented with a couple on Christmas morning by the proud senior executives of his Ministry as an example of what British bulk buying can achieve in an iron age. As a seasonal wish to those in high places, I hope so! I, however, had none.

Still, it would be churlish and very ungrateful to grumble, for I had so much else. I had a goose, better cooked than any goose I have ever eaten. I had three bottles of liquid gold—not, of course, all drunk on the spot—sent me by an old friend, whose thought I valued even more than the prized liquid, and a case of fine wine sent by a great-hearted Australian from the other end of the earth, and several parcels from kind and generous readers of this page who expressed their faith in and love of England by singling out a very undeserving English journalist for this touching symbol of their Christmas goodwill. So, all round, I had much more than my fair

of the chief pleasures of Christmas. The high light for me is when the choir sings "A Virgin Most Pure"—surely one of the most ecstatic expressions of simple human happiness ever attained by song, and as English, I like to think, as King's College Chapel itself. And there was the reading after it of Dickens's "Christmas Carol"—as great and enduring a triumph for England in its own way as Waterloo or Alamein. It never palls and never fails to stir the heart, delighting a Scrooge like me as much as it does the jolliest and most sociable of mortals, such, for instance, as my brother, who always used to insist on reading it aloud with dramatic interpolations, to the family circle at Christmas. Even this never spoilt it for me, who hate being read to aloud! Which shows how potent a force the pen—in the hands of a Dickens—can be.

Which brings me, too, to Mr. Priestley's broadcast series, "From Bicker to Blue Anchor." Many people do not like Mr. Priestley; he has strong views, which he expresses with great force: sometimes, it seems to his critics, with almost offensive force. I, for one, have not always agreed with his views, and there have been times when I have even violently disagreed with them. But I never fail to admire him; his poetic genius for going to the heart of a situation, his understanding of England, his superb mastery of the English language. Whether his broadcasting does full justice to his literary genius is a matter of opinion. He is a very good broadcaster—one of the best—but my own view is that his broadcasts are even better read than heard. But whether heard on the air or read in the *Listener*, they can scarcely fail to move anyone who loves this country and wishes to see her emerge from her present troubles, as in the fullness of time she will do, as great as ever in her past. For Priestley belongs to that line of writers, varying immeasurably in their scope and quality, who, when they speak, with all their prejudices, foibles and strong personal idiosyncrasies, speak for England. They have included Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Johnson, Sir Walter (reading, of course, Scotland for England!), Keats, Cobbett, Dickens, Hardy, Wells (who would have been much shocked to hear it) and Kipling. And at the end of his concluding and Christmas-week broadcast of his journey from Bicker to Blue Anchor, Priestley used words which I should like to feel were England's Christmas message and answer to the world this Christmastide, 1949, and New Year, 1950. "'We live by admiration, hope and love.' . . . And this is true not only of us but also of this land itself, which is not a dead thing but alive. To save it, and ourselves with it, and to make it strong and noble, we have to admire it, as it deserves to be admired; we have to regard it always with hope; and we have

A NOTABLE ACQUISITION FOR THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM.



MADE FOR THE EMIR SAICHU, A CUP-BEARER TO THE SULTAN: A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY ARAB GLASS MOSQUE LAMP.
The magnificent fourteenth-century Arab glass lamp which we illustrate has been given by the National Art Collections Fund to the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, in commemoration of the centenary of the Museum's opening, celebrated in 1948. The decorative inscription and the heraldic devices which it bears show that the lamp was made for the Emir Saichu, a cup-bearer to the Sultan, probably for the cloister and mausoleum built by him in 1355. It is 13½ ins. high, and the glass is painted in enamelled colours, red, blue and white, with a Kufic inscription, heraldic devices and lotus flowers, showing Chinese influence among the medallions beneath the waist. It has six suspension loops to which chains would have been attached when it was hung. It is a well-known piece, mentioned by Professor C. Lamm and other authorities, and was formerly in the possession of Mrs. F. H. Cook, to whose father-in-law, Mr. John M. Cook, it was given by Rostowtzow Bey in Cairo many years ago. It had formerly belonged to Linant Pasha. Such lamps are rare, and seldom come on to the market, but examples are included in the collections of the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert (where a group is displayed in the newly-arranged Islamic Gallery), and the Arab Museum in Cairo. The Fitzwilliam has of recent years received considerable additions to its Islamic collections through the Oscar Raphael and the P. C. Manuk and Miss G. M. Coles bequests, the National Art Collections Fund and by Mrs. F. H. Cook's many gifts; and this new acquisition of an object of such beauty and rarity is specially appropriate and welcome.

share, and my dog, who sat close by my side during Christmas dinner, an even larger share; no such spoilt little dog on Christmas Day in all England, to make up, I like to think, for all the Christmas-dinners he lost—how many I do not know—when he was a starving, bone-projecting stray before he chose me. I had, too, the joy of listening to the carols on the radio from King's College, Cambridge, on the afternoon of Christmas Eve—a happiness which I find in later years has become one

to love it. And if we give this land our admiration, hope and love, then in the end we shall receive from it and from our life here what all the gold in Fort Knox cannot buy." * That seems to me profoundly true and the best thing, not excluding the singing of the carols from King's College, I have heard this Christmas.

* *The Listener*, December 22, 1949. J. B. Priestley, "The End of the Journey."



PASSING TIGNE POINT, FROM WHICH PRINCESS ELIZABETH WAVED, AND RECEIVED A MESSAGE FLASHED BACK FROM HER HUSBAND: H.M.S. CHEQUERS, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ABOARD, SAILING FROM MALTA.

On our front page we show Princess Elizabeth on Tigne Point, Malta, waving to the Duke of Edinburgh on board *Chequers* as the ship steamed off on her way to the Red Sea on Dec. 27. On this page we reproduce a photograph of the destroyer at this moment of her voyage. The Princess was armed with binoculars, and also had a ciné-camera which she used to photograph *Chequers* as the ship went by. She received a farewell message flashed from the Duke, and then went on to Dingli Cliffs to watch the flotilla leader until she disappeared over the horizon.

ROYAL OCCASIONS AND A POLITICAL MOVE: NEWS FROM MALTA, ENGLAND AND PALESTINE.



FLOODLIT TO SHOW HER GRACEFUL LINES AS SHE LAY IN VALLETTA GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA, DURING CHRISTMAS WEEK: H.M.S. CHEQUERS, THE DESTROYER IN WHICH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IS SERVING.



(RIGHT.)

THE ISRAELI PARLIAMENT (KNESSET)
MEETS IN JERUSALEM
ON DECEMBER 26:
MR. JOSEPH SPRINZAK,
THE SPEAKER, IS
SEEN OPENING THE
SESSION.

The Israeli Parliament (*Knesset*) met in Jerusalem on December 26, thus fulfilling a part of the Israeli Government's decision to make Jerusalem its capital. No special ceremony marked the opening of the session and the business discussed was of a routine nature. This, it is thought, may have been part of the Israeli Government's policy to present the transfer (which up to the time of writing has cost £400,000) as a simple return to the city which has long been the capital, and was only abandoned on account of the war.

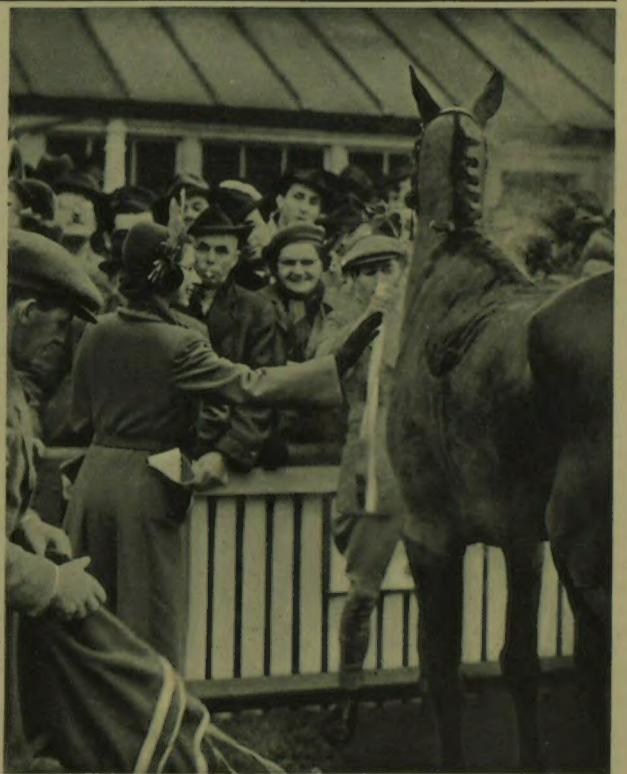


LEADING THREE FENCES FROM HOME IN THE QUEEN ELIZABETH STEEPECHASE AT HURST PARK: MONAVEEN (TONY GRANTHAM UP), THE STEEPECHASER OWNED IN PARTNERSHIP BY THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

(RIGHT.)

SMILING WITH OBVIOUS DELIGHT AT HER HORSE'S SPLENDID WIN IN THE QUEEN ELIZABETH STEEPECHASE ON DECEMBER 31: PRINCESS ELIZABETH PATTING MONAVEEN.

Princess Elizabeth arrived in this country from Malta on December 28, and before joining their Majesties at Sandringham on December 31 went to Hurst Park to see *Monaveen*, the steeple-chaser which she owns in partnership with the Queen, win the Queen Elizabeth Steeplechase (worth £2328) in most convincing style. *Monaveen*, which has now carried the Royal colours to victory three times, jumped faultlessly and won by six lengths from *Freebooter*, with *Kluxton* third. He is not expected to run again until the Grand National in March.





"OUT YOU GO-'49 . . ." : THE BIGGEST NEW YEAR'S EVE CROWD FOR ELEVEN YEARS, FILLING PICCADILLY CIRCUS FROM WALL TO WALL AND WAITING FOR THE CHIMES OF BIG BEN TO HERALD IN THE NEW HALF-CENTURY.

NEW YEAR'S EVE —the end of the twentieth century's first half and the dawn of the 1950's—saw London, from Piccadilly Circus to St. Paul's, crowded with about a quarter-of-a-million revellers, in streets and squares that were fully lit for the first time since the war. There were huge crowds at St. Paul's. Piccadilly Circus was blazing with neon lights and signs for the first time for eleven years as midnight struck. Eros was fenced off from his boisterous admirers with a wooden hoarding, and thousands filled the Circus. The steps of St. Martin-in-the-Fields provided a grandstand to watch the 10,000 or so who filled Trafalgar Square, where "Father Time," cloaked and with wooden scythe and hour-glass, appeared among the crowds around the Christmas tree and the fountains. The Watch Night Service at St. Martin's was attended by about 2000. As Big Ben chimed in the new half-century, the first aircraft of 1950 left Northolt for Rome and Athens with a cargo of whisky, streptomycin and bedroom slippers—an export manifest which stirs uneasy memories of Shaw's "The Applecart."



THE NEW HALF-CENTURY OPENS, HAILED BY ABOUT 10,000 REVELLERS, THRONGING TRAFALGAR SQUARE, SINGING, CHEERING AND DANCING ROUND LONDON'S CHRISTMAS TREE, TO THE BACKGROUND OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE END OF AN ERA: LONDON GREETS THE NEW HALF-CENTURY IN A CLIMAX OF REVELRY.



MIDNIGHT AT THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL: THE SCENE IN THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL AS THOUSANDS OF BALLOONS FLOATED DOWN FROM THE CEILING ON THE DANCERS BELOW.

THE Chelsea Arts Ball, traditionally held on New Year's Eve, took place this year on the preceding evening, in order to avoid Sunday-morning revelry. Dancing began at 10 p.m., and continued until 5 a.m. to the bands of Ted Heath and his Music, Oscar Rabin and his Band, and Jan Ralifni and his Orchestra. The theme for this year's Ball was "Weathercock"—a symbol of the changing seasons—and the décor was designed by Mr. James Bateman, R.A., R.W.S. The new day was ushered in by the pipes and drums of the Dagenham Girl Pipers, and as the chimes died away, thousands of balloons floated down from the ceiling on to the dancers below. Then followed the parade of tableaux arranged by six art schools, academies and colleges—"H.M.S. Fowleweather," "Seasonal Charioteers," "Weatherhouse," "Element," "Counterpoint" and, later, "Mah Jong"—all of which were rapidly broken up by the dancers on completing the circuit of the floor,

as is customary.

ILLUSTRATING THE THEME OF THE THIRTY-THIRD CHELSEA ARTS BALL—"WEATHERCOCK": THE CENTREPIECE—A SYMBOL OF THE CHANGING SEASONS—SHOWING ART STUDENTS PREPARING FOR THE PARADE OF TABLEAUX AT ITS FOOT JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT.

PRE-NEW YEAR'S EVE IN THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL: MIDNIGHT AT THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL ON DECEMBER 30.



SIR PATRICK HASTINGS, THE AUTHOR OF "CASES IN COURT," WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Sir Patrick Hastings, a well-known barrister-at-law (now retired), told many reminiscences of his distinguished career in his Autobiography, which was published in 1948. Born in 1880, he was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1904. He was Attorney-General in 1924.

of evidence and habit of scrutinising facts. And how better can such knowledge be promoted and a wariness about the natural human propensity to jump to conclusions be inculcated than by study of old cases, with arguments pro and con, examinations and cross-examinations, summings-up and decisions on appeal?

Many reports of murder trials, of course, present no puzzles; proof is complete, guilt as plain as a pikestaff, and what intellectual enjoyment we get is obtained from watching the ingenious efforts of defending counsel to break witnesses down, establish alternative theories and, in short (as their duty is) to put the best case they can for their client before the Court. Mr. Lustgarten has selected trials in which some element of doubt must be admitted. "Six famous murder trials," he says, "are examined in this book. All six verdicts are open to dispute. Three, in my belief, are demonstrably bad. I have tried not only to analyse the facts but to re-create the atmosphere in which these trials were fought, so that the reader can determine the dominating influences that led to their unsatisfactory result—shortcomings of counsel, ineptitude of judge, prejudice of jury, or any other weakness to which the human race is constitutionally prone. There is reason to suppose that, in British and American courts, miscarriages of justice are relatively rare. But however infrequent, they still affront the conscience, and study of those that disfigure the past will not be profitless if the knowledge thereby gained lessens the chance of repetition."

His cases are those of Mrs. Maybrick, Steinie Morrison, Norman Thorne, Mrs. Thompson, W. H. Wallace, and Lizzie Borden: two of the prisoners were hanged, two (which rather suggests "reasonable doubts" in high places which were not shared by the juries) were reprieved and given long terms of imprisonment, one was acquitted, and the other appealed and had his conviction quashed. The reader will find here excellent summaries of the proceedings in each case, and material enough on which to argue them over again in the private jury-boxes with which our discussing nation is still happily covered.

Mrs. Maybrick, the author is convinced, was condemned unjustly. The judge's mind was on the wane; Maybrick had for years taken arsenic as a nerve-tonic; physicians suggested an alternative cause of death. The Home Secretary announced the reprieve with the remarks: "Although the evidence leads clearly to the conclusion that the prisoner administered, and attempted to administer, arsenic to her husband with intent to murder, yet it does not wholly exclude a reasonable doubt whether his death was caused by the administration of arsenic."

Mr. Lustgarten quite reasonably adds: "If there was 'reasonable doubt,' she was not guilty of murder. That was the only indictment upon which she had been tried. The life sentence was administratively imposed for an attempt to murder with which she had not been charged. . . . In later years a verdict so perverse would have been quashed by the Court of Criminal Appeal. In 1889 that Court did not exist. All that could be done was done, but this was not enough, and the verdict of that jury unhappily remains to mock at and discredit the fair name of British justice."

Steinie Morrison's conviction depended largely upon the times given by various cabmen and others as to when and where and with whom they saw him on the night when Leon Beron was murdered on Clapham Common: he, again, was reprieved and sent to gaol. He was an habitual criminal with many convictions, but it is still a tenable theory that he starved himself to death in prison because he had been condemned to death for the only crime of which he had been accused which he had not, in fact, committed. Norman Thorne makes no appeal to sympathy; even on his own showing he was an icy-blooded brute who, having cut down a fiancée who, believing herself pregnant and discarded, had hanged herself with a clothes-line on a beam, sawed her up into small pieces and buried her, in order that he should avoid scandal and suspicion. Lizzie Borden's trial has been narrated over and over again: I think that the general verdict is (that although there was just a "reasonable doubt") she was lucky to get off. But the remaining two cases are, for different reasons, the



SENTENCED TO BE HANGED BUT LATER REPRIEFED: MRS. FLORENCE MAYBRICK.

The case of Mrs. Florence Maybrick, who was found guilty of the murder of her husband in 1889 forms one of the six famous murder trials reconsidered in Mr. Edgar Lustgarten's book, "Verdict in Dispute."

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RECONSIDERING THE VERDICT.

"CASES IN COURT": By SIR PATRICK HASTINGS;
AND "VERDICT IN DISPUTE": By EDGAR LUSTGARTEN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

I DON'T know whether, in foreign countries, they have so flourishing a literature as we have dealing with past lawsuits and trials, especially murder trials. But if anybody not an Englishman were to suggest to me that our abiding interest in such books was morbid, I should stoutly defend our habits. In a country where for very many centuries the jury has been a vital part of our legal system, where there has been a constant humanising of the criminal law, where the difficult tradition of an independent judiciary has been established and the principle that a man is deemed innocent until he is proved guilty, it is desirable that there should be a perpetual popular examination of evidence, and the most widespread possible knowledge of the rules

most interesting in the book. They are those of Mrs. Thompson and William Herbert Wallace.

The Thompson-Bywaters case is still fresh in memory. Mr. Lustgarten says bluntly: "The Thompson verdict is now recognised as bad"; I agree with him. Sir Patrick Hastings, in his modest and entertaining collection of reminiscences of cases, gives the impression that he thinks a British jury, though ignorant of Law, incapable of failing in justice. Mr. Lustgarten holds that that admittedly most nearly perfect of human institutions can occasionally fail. In the Maybrick case it seems likely that the Liverpool jury were prejudiced by the fact that Mrs. Maybrick had been "carrying on" with a person to whom she was not married—a sin probably unheard of in the Liverpool of the 'eighties. In

the Thompson case the prisoner was confronted with a judge, a jury, and even counsel who simply could not understand her day-dreaming, romance-reading type. She was condemned on her letters to Bywaters, in which she several times dropped hints which might be interpreted as incitements to murder, and certainly suggested that she had been unsuccessfully administering poison and powdered glass to a husband who was deplorably less dashing than the heroes of the novels she read. But there was no evidence that she had ever committed these bold actions except in an epistolary dreamland (she ought to have been a novelist of a well-known type and worked it off that way), and when the killing actually occurred, she protested frantically and ran for a doctor: her dreams had come true in a way she never expected. Judge and jury—and Home Secretary—had probably never met the type. A jury of novelists—perhaps even of psychiatrists—would have understood her better.

As for the Wallace case, it is like something out of the highest class of fiction—though I don't remember a writer of detective-stories leaving his problem unsolved. The quiet little insurance agent in Liverpool was accused of murdering his wife: had he or had he not arranged an alibi; was the milk-boy's recollection about the time accurate? Wallace was ultimately acquitted, and died a miserable and ostracised man. Mr. Lustgarten quotes the late James Agate: "The Wallace case was a highly professional affair. It was planned with extreme care and extraordinary imagination. Either the murderer was Wallace or it wasn't. If it wasn't, then here at last is the perfect murder. If it was, then here is a murder so nearly perfect that the Court of Criminal Appeal, after examining the evidence, decided to quash Wallace's conviction." That is a fair summary of an astonishing case. But as to perfect murders, story-writers may find it difficult to invent them, but every year commit them—if being neither caught nor suspected, or at any rate not arrested, is the test.

Sir Patrick Hastings, who recently produced an inspiring autobiography, has now set down his memories of a great many cases in which, as a barrister, he was involved. Not many of them are murder cases (he did not like them), but Rouse, Mrs. Marney and the stupid and conceited Vaquier are among the figures who appear. His list of contents is excitingly reminiscent of Conan Doyle: "The Case of the Talking Mongoose," "The Case of the Illuminating Dot," "The Case of the Three Sisters," "The Case of the Hooded Man." The stories are all told easily and graphically; and, where impudent swindles are concerned, very amusingly. Doubt is seldom expressed about verdicts, but it is notably in one place. Sir Patrick appeared for the accountant who was charged with Lord Kylsant in the "Royal Mail Case." On the joint charge both were acquitted. "Unhappily for Lord Kylsant that was not the end. Against him alone there was a further charge based upon the issue of debentures in the same company, and in that charge I was merely an onlooker. My client Mr. Moreland was no party to that indictment, but Lord Kylsant was convicted and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. As a mere observer, my opinion is completely valueless, but I was never completely satisfied of the justice of that conviction. I was very sorry for Lord Kylsant."



MR. EDGAR LUSTGARTEN, THE AUTHOR OF "VERDICT IN DISPUTE," WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Lustgarten was born in 1907. He was in practice at the Bar, 1930-40, and during the war was engaged in counter-propaganda work for the B.B.C. After the war he decided to forsake the Bar and devote himself to writing. His books include "A Case to Answer" and "Blonde Iscarier."



A PRINCESS'S LIBEL ACTION: THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS YOUSSEPOFF AT THE TIME OF THE TRIAL.

One of the "Cases in Court" described by Sir Patrick Hastings in his book is the famous libel action brought by Princess Youssupoff, a Royal Princess of the Imperial Court of Russia, against the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation of America, who produced a film portraying the tragic death of Rasputin. Sir Patrick conducted Princess Youssupoff's case and the jury returned a verdict for her and awarded her damages of £25,000. Illustration reproduced from the book "Cases in Court," published by William Heinemann, Ltd.



HANGED FOR A MURDER IN WHICH SHE HAD STRUCK NO BLOW: MRS. EDITH THOMPSON WITH HER HUSBAND, PERCY THOMPSON.

The famous Thompson-Bywaters case is re-examined by Mr. Lustgarten in his book. Mrs. Thompson was hanged for complicity with her lover, Bywaters, in the murder of her husband, Percy Thompson.

THE AFRICAN PLANT WHICH HOLDS OUT NEW HOPE FOR ARTHRITIS SUFFERERS.



THE TROPICAL CLIMBER, *STROPHANTHUS SARMENTOSUS*, THE EXTRACT FROM WHOSE SEEDS WILL SIMPLIFY AND SPEED UP THE PRODUCTION OF THE NEW AND RARE ANTI-ARTHRITIS DRUG, "CORTISONE" (COMPOUND "E").

The glad news of the discovery in the United States that the drug "Cortisone," or Compound "E," had worked remarkable cures in cases of rheumatoid arthritis was gloomily balanced by the announcement that its production was very slow, complicated and costly, and the basic material from which it was produced—ox-bile—available only in very small quantities; and that, in consequence, the drug would be available only for a very few sufferers. It has since been discovered, however, that Compound "E" can be produced from a more readily available source, the seeds of an African climbing plant, *Strophanthus sarmentosus*; and that production from these seeds involves only twenty processes against the thirty-six necessary for its extraction from ox-bile. Scientific expeditions from the U.S.A., Britain, Switzerland and other countries are now at work in Africa collecting seeds of the plant, the British expedition, which consists of representatives of the Medical Research Council accompanied by

a botanist from Kew, Mr. R. D. Meikle, having been in Nigeria since November. The plant, which has beautiful trumpet-like flowers, can be cultivated easily, it is believed, and its cultivation may become a matter of economic importance. We illustrate it in a drawing of considerable historic interest, as it is reproduced from De Candolle's monograph on the genus *Strophanthus* (1804), and is probably drawn from the very first herbarium specimen known in Europe and the one from which the species was named. *Strophanthus sarmentosus* is believed to be identical with *S. ogovensis* and *S. paroissei*. It is possible that other species of *Strophanthus* may also be rich in the vital principle, sarmentogenin. Some of our readers may remember that Dr. Philipson in an article on Silphium (*Illustrated London News*, October 8, 1949), referred to the value of this plant, and pointed out the danger of wholesale clearance of jungle, with the consequent possible loss for ever of plants of vital bio-chemical or economic importance.

THE UNITED STATES OF INDONESIA INAUGURATED: SCENES IN BATAVIA.

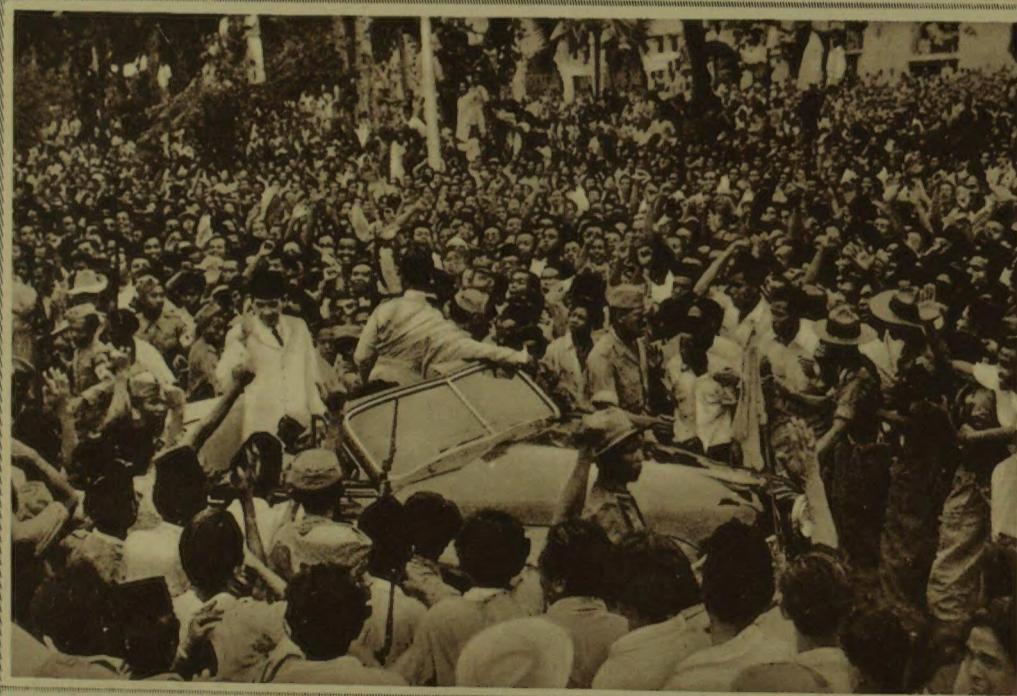


SIGNING THE PROTOCOL TRANSFERRING SOVEREIGNTY FROM THE NETHERLANDS TO THE UNITED STATES OF INDONESIA: SULTAN HAMENGKU BUWONO (LEFT) AND DR. LOVINK.



THE NEW MINISTER OF DEFENCE BIDS FAREWELL TO THE LAST NETHERLANDS GOVERNOR-GENERAL: SULTAN HAMENGKU BUWONO WITH DR. LOVINK.

THE transfer of sovereignty from the Netherlands to the United States of Indonesia took place on December 27 in the Royal Palace at Amsterdam. Simultaneously a ceremony was held at Djakarta (the new name of Batavia), in the palace of the Netherlands Governors-General of the Indies. Here the protocol marking the transfer of sovereignty was signed by Sultan Hamengku Buwono, Minister of Defence, acting for Dr. Soekarno, and by Dr. Lovink, the last Netherlands Governor-General. Then, as an Army band played the Netherlands national anthem, the flag of the Netherlands was slowly lowered above the palace and the red-and-white flag of the new Republic was hoisted in its place. Dr. Lovink then left for Holland by air. Dr. Soekarno, the President of the United States of Indonesia, arrived on the following day to take up residence in the palace.

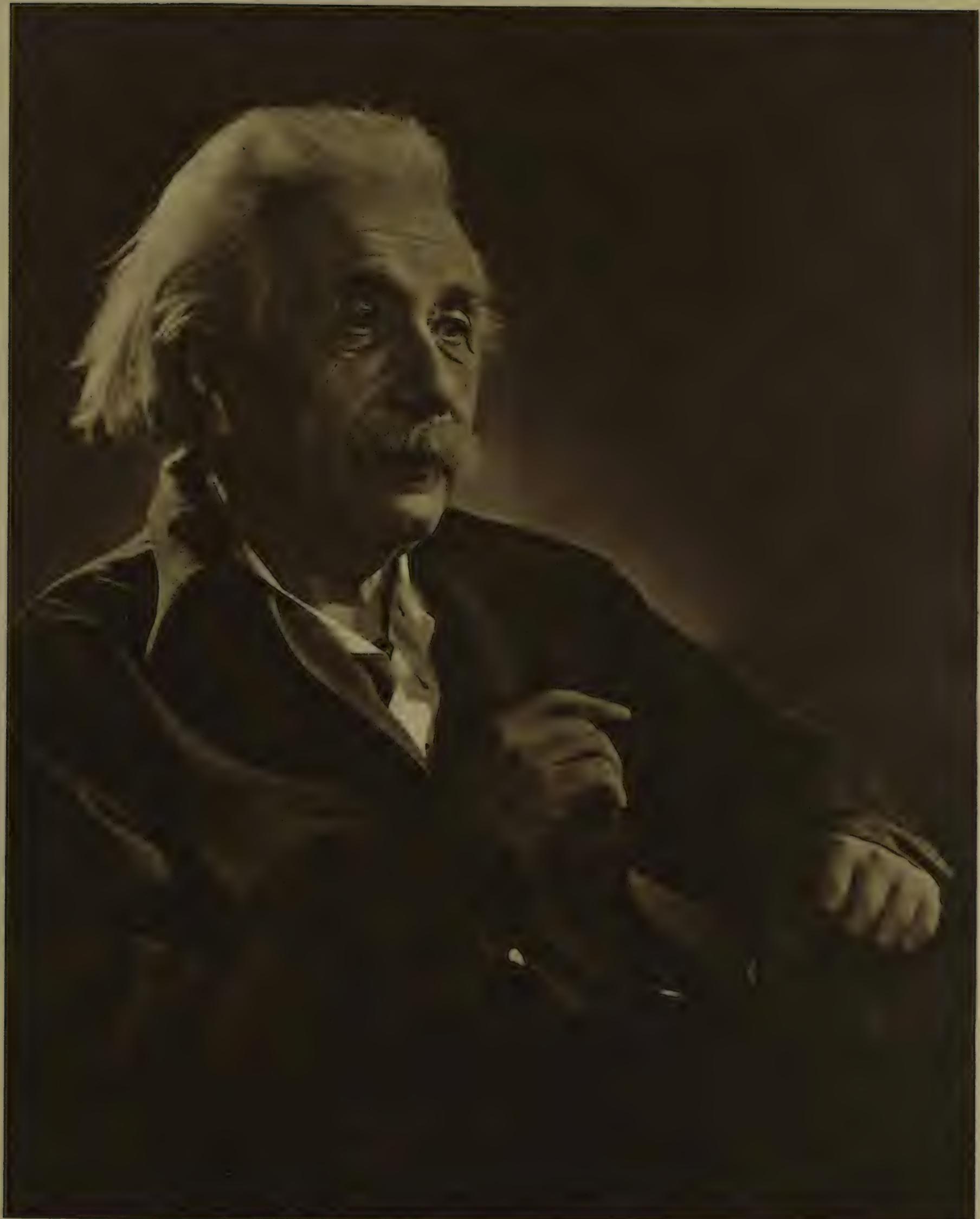


THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF INDONESIA IN DJAKARTA (BATAVIA): DR. SOEKARNO ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREETINGS OF THE CROWD.

THE HOISTING OF THE RED-AND-WHITE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF INDONESIA OVER THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE AT DJAKARTA (BATAVIA): DUTCH TROOPS PRESENTING ARMS DURING THE CEREMONY.



THE FIRST FAMILY OF THE UNITED STATES OF INDONESIA: DR. SOEKARNO, THE PRESIDENT, WITH HIS WIFE, SON AND DAUGHTER, AT HOME.



THE WORLD'S GREATEST PHYSICIST: PROFESSOR EINSTEIN, WHOSE NEW GRAVITY THEORY, WHICH MAY PROVE TO BE ONE OF THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENTS OF ALL TIME, WAS DISCLOSED ON THE EVE OF THE NEW HALF-CENTURY.

Professor Albert Einstein, the great German-Swiss physicist, who was born of Jewish parents at Ulm, Württemberg, in 1879, and who has been living in the United States since 1933, has disclosed a new theory—the generalised theory of gravitation—which is the result of thirty-three years' work. The theory was announced on December 26 at Princeton University at the opening of the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. It will be published as one of the chapters in a new edition of Professor Einstein's "The Meaning of Relativity" to be published by the Princeton University Press in February. It is pointed out that if the theory can be proved, and Professor Einstein frankly says he has not yet found a practical way "to confront the results of the theory with experimental evidence," it will become a universal law bridging the last gap that now separates

the infinite universe of the stars and galaxies and the equally infinite universe of the atom. Professor Einstein states in his paper: "The heart of the generalised theory of gravitation is expressed in four equations. The equations have the mathematical properties which seem to be required to describe the known effects, but they must be tested against observed physical facts before their validity can be absolutely established." At the time of writing, expert comment on Professor Einstein's new theory has been very guarded and a spokesman of Princeton University said: "Physicists are not yet willing to try to talk publicly about it." Meanwhile the world waits to see if the new theory will influence the next half-century as profoundly as Professor Einstein's theory on Relativity has the last. Professor Einstein was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1921.

A GRIM SCOTTISH "DESERT" TRANSFORMED:
AFFORESTATION OF THE CULBIN SANDS.



THE FIRST STEP IN AFFORESTATION: HAULING BRUSHWOOD FOR "THATCHING" THE SAND TO A PLANTING AREA BY MEANS OF A SLEDGE DRAWN BY A CRAWLER TRACTOR.

THE tragic legendary story of Culbin dates from 1694, when, according to the manor of Culbin with its numerous farms and crofts and orchards, had transformed an area of six miles by two from a fertile Morayshire district into a desert, is a parallel to Pompeii, though the Scottish disaster was caused by sand, not volcanic dust. Modern scientists are not certain whether the Culbin sands, as the area came to be called, were formed by violent sandstorms on successive days, or by gradual encroachment over years. But the legend, which has been repeated for nearly 300 years, is that the Culbin estate was overwhelmed, remained a serious threat to much of the rich arable land in the district, as they tended to move rapidly as the result of the prevailing west wind. Archaeological discoveries made over a period of years prove that this area was once fertile and inhabited, and it is recorded that in the issue of the Times, 22nd Dec., 1932, we published photographs of some of the more important finds, and an article by H. G. Farmer and Batten giving the traditional story of the 1694 disaster, as well as photographs illustrating the work of afforestation begun by the Forestry Commission when they acquired the Culbin Sands in 1921. Pioneering work had been carried out previously by Major [Continued below.]



SHOWING THE "CLIFFS" AND MOUNTAINS OF SHIFTING SAND, PATTERNED BY WIND: A VIEW OF THE CULBIN SANDS BEFORE AFFORESTATION. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)



HOW THE EFFECTIVE FIXING OR BINDING OF THE SANDS IS CARRIED OUT: THE WORK OF THATCHING WITH BIRCH BRANCHES, AN ESSENTIAL PRELIMINARY TO PLANTING.

WINNING BACK LAND FROM WILD NATURE:
THE BATTLE TO RECLAIM BARREN DUNES.



AFTER THE THATCHING HAS BEEN CARRIED OUT: FORESTERS PLANTING YOUNG CORSICAN PINE ON THE DUNES. THE TREES AT PLANTING ARE TWO OR THREE YEARS OLD.

[Continued.]

150 acres were thatched and planted. Already the volume of timber cut and taken annually from the forest has reached good proportions, and in 1948 amounted to 2600 tons. The cost of which was £1,200. Efficient fixation or binding of the sand is imperative, as a first step in afforestation, for without this the sandbank would be buried or their roots would become exposed through the wind blowing the sand away from them. In earlier days, marram grass (*Ammophila arenaria*), which grows on the sand-dunes, was used for binding the sand, and in the construction of houses may well have contributed to the original disaster. Now brushwood has been found more satisfactory than marram grass to bind the sand before planting, and, on very exposed sites, a system of pegging the branches down with wire or wooden stakes is found to be effective. Thatching has other merits beside the purely mechanical one of stopping sand from blowing over the brushwood, as well as fixing the sand until it decays, and so adds humus to the soil. From 36 to 40 tons of brushwood are required to the acre. Corsican pine is planted almost exclusively on the sand-dunes.

[Continued below.]

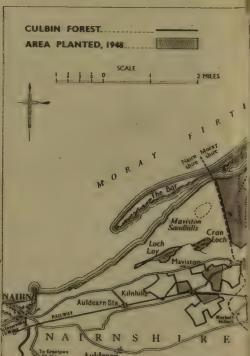


[ABOVE] SHOWING ROWS OF THE TREES SUCCESSFULLY PLANTED AND THE VISTA OF SAND-DUNES YET TO BE RECLAIMED: A VIEW ON THE EDGE OF THE CULBIN FOREST. Photograph by "The Scotsman."

Continued.

Chadwick at Binness, but as the foremost fringe of trees in these plantations had been exposed to the wind, with the passing of time the pines had gradually leaned and buried them so that only their tips remained above the ground. The Culbin Sands will soon cease to exist, for the work of transforming them into the State Forest of Culbin is being carried on in a remarkable fashion. The story of the struggle against the wild forces of nature is told in a booklet, "Culbin," published by H. M. Stationery Office, 6d, as one of the Forestry Commission's series of pamphlets on Britain's Forests, from which our photographs are reproduced. The rate of progress now attained is considerable, and in the season 1949-50 no fewer than [Continued above, right]

[RIGHT.] THE CULBIN FOREST AREA IN 1948: THE PLANTED AREA (SHADED) OF THE DESERT, WHICH 6000 ACRES IT COMPRSES, 4000 HAVE BEEN PLANTED.



ILLUSTRATING THE DEPTH OF SAND ON THE SHIFTING DESERT HILLS OF CULBIN AS THEY WERE BEFORE PLANTING; A MANSION, WITH SIXTEEN CROFTS AND FARMS IS BURIED UNDER THE SAND.



Continued.

times, while Scots pine and larch-pole pine are used in frost hollows or shingle beds that do not support Corsican pine. Maritime pine (*Pinus pinaster*) and Monterey pine (*P. radiata*) have been planted on a very small scale. Heather-covered ridges are left as the heather and serve as access roads. These ridges also play an important part in the scheme of fire protection. Pine forests are very inflammable, and great care must be taken to ensure that they are not allowed to burn. In France the pine forests in the Landes (also planted to prevent encroachment by sand) were last year the scene of extensive and disastrous forest fires, and similar fires lighting out of control in the Culbin Forest is prohibited. In various parts of Culbin work is fast proceeding on the construction of forest roads. The quantity of timber removed in making these roads will increase yearly for a long while, as it is most essential that the forest be "opened up." The material being used for the making of roads includes shingle taken from the sand banks in the river bed and the unplanted areas. The shingle is believed to be the remains of old marine beaches, while some of it constitutes the bed of the Findhorn in the days before the river was forced by the encroaching sand to change its course and meander to the east.



PLANTED IN 1923: FLOURISHING YOUNG LARCHPOLE PINES (*PINUS CONIFERA*) IN CULBIN FOREST. SCOTS AND LARCHPOLE PINES ARE PLANTED IN FROST HOLLOWES OR SHINGLE BEDS.

THOSE who have tried to follow the progress of the French Budget have been assailed by contrary reflections. On the one hand, they have envied the solicitude shown for the tax-payer, which was certainly expressed more forcibly than is commonly the case in our own country on such occasions. On the other hand, they must have felt that we do things, at least outwardly, in a more businesslike way, though the results may be no better and may even be worse. The political effects of the Budget are not without importance in any country. For example, there has been much discussion as to whether it would suit the British Government to hold the General Election due this year before or after the Budget, the suggestion being that, if the Budget came first and were to be austere, or savagely austere, typically Crippsian, in any case, it would lose the Government a great many votes. Nevertheless, the political influence of the Budget is very much stronger in France than it is here. France is not certain to have a General Election this year, but there may be one, and as a consequence no deputy wants to vote for a Budget containing any item of new taxation, though it is clear that no Budget could be brought near to the point of balancing without it.

The difference is, of course, the multiplicity of parties. It is impossible to establish strong loyalty or firm discipline in a Government composed of political fragments which possess no common doctrine—in some respects, indeed, their doctrines are sharply opposed—and which unite to form a Government only because no single party is capable of forming one. This state of affairs has been present for a long time in France, but the difficulties were hardly as great as now in the days when the Radicals formed a strong central group, with other smaller ones shading off gently to their right and left. We have scarcely known such circumstances, the nearest approach to them being when the Irish Nationalists, about eighty strong, and voting as a machine, without much regard for the politics of Great Britain, were on occasion able to strike bargains with a Liberal Government on the threat of withdrawing their support. The root of the matter is proportional representation, or any system which gives the voter an alternative choice. Electors will not often vote for hopeless candidates, as Liberals here have lately found to their cost; but the French and other similar systems tend to create a number of small parties.

In this case the French Government found itself at odds with the powerful body known as the Finance Committee. M. Bidault was determined to produce a realistic and "honest" Budget. However, he was prepared to compromise in order to meet the demands of the Finance Committee, and to this end put forward proposals for reducing both the total sum of the Budget and the amount of new taxation.

This overture was rejected. The Finance Committee itself made proposals which, it professed to believe, would leave the Budget unbalanced to the extent of 23,000,000,000 francs. The experts on the Government's side estimated that the deficit would be 100,000,000,000 francs, a tidy sum, which was probably the nearer to reality. Then, with time growing short, on December 22, M. Bidault put the question of confidence. It is hard to imagine that he was in love with his position in present circumstances, but he had held office for only a couple of months, after an unfortunate interval in which no Government could be formed, and he did not want that dreary business over again. In any event, he said, it was unlikely that any other Government which succeeded his would be able to bring forward a Budget substantially different. He was expected to get a narrow majority.

There was plenty of time for the parties to marshal their forces and calculate their chances of making capital for themselves from the affair, since under the Constitution a clear day has to elapse between the putting of a vote of confidence and taking it. The opposition lay both to left and right. On the extreme left the Communists were, of course, solidly against the Government. On the right, M. Reynaud marshalled his followers against the whole financial and social policy which it represented. In between these groups there was no unanimity. The Socialists declared themselves wedded to what the economists have taught us to call "capital investment." The Radicals were apparently not opposed to it in theory, but they were determined that there should be no fresh taxation, if they could help it. When the vote took place in the small hours of December 24, the figures were startling even to those who participated in it. It was a narrow majority indeed, 303 to 297. And even this did not represent a majority for the Budget as it then stood. Several speakers announced that they had voted for the Government, not for the Budget, and that they intended to persist in demanding modifications in it. The future prospects of M. Bidault became more deeply clouded than ever.

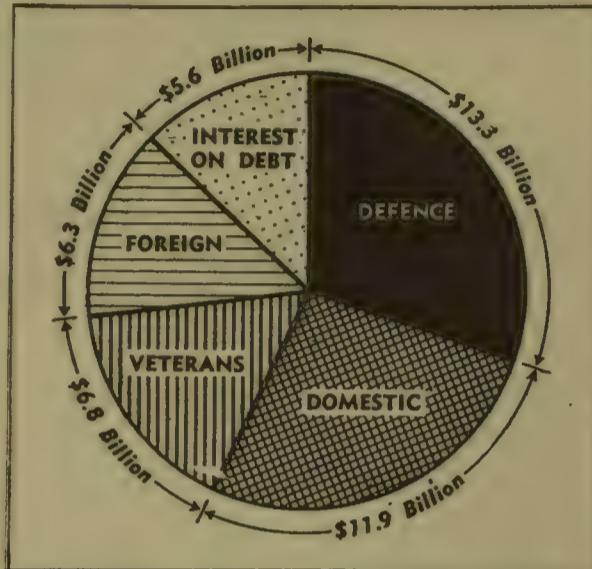
A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. HOW TO VOTE A FRENCH BUDGET.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

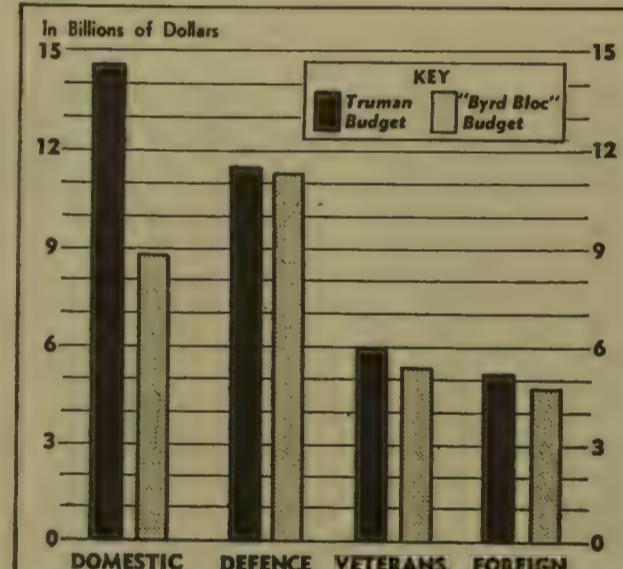
I need not pursue the story further. Sir Stafford Cripps, if he has followed the proceedings, must feel that he sleeps on a bed of roses rather than on the thorns which he provides for the British taxpayer. The most curious aspect of the French crisis is that there is a brand-new Constitution in France. Able men set themselves to counteract the defects which had appeared in that of the Third Republic, and they did make many valuable improvements, not all of which are generally known over here. But no Constitution of a

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK IN THE UNITED STATES.



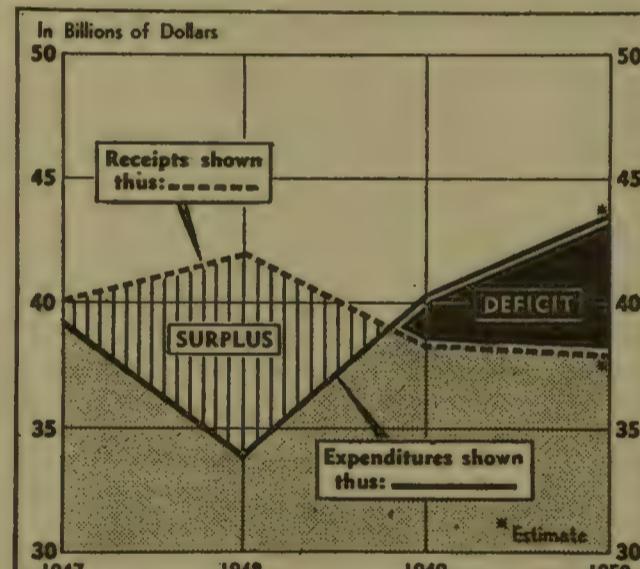
IN THE FISCAL YEAR 1950, WHICH ENDS NEXT JUNE 30, THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT WILL SPEND APPROXIMATELY 43.5 BILLION DOLLARS. THIS CHART SHOWS HOW THE EXPENDITURES ARE DIVIDED.

Note: The figures do not add exactly because of rounding.



THIS CHART SHOWS THE BUDGET AMOUNTS PRESIDENT TRUMAN IS UNDERSTOOD TO BE PLANNING FOR FISCAL 1951, COMPARED WITH PROPOSALS MADE BY THE "BYRD BLOC" IN CONGRESS.

THE UNITED STATES' BUDGET PICTURE: CHARTS ILLUSTRATING AMERICA'S ECONOMIC POSITION.



IF THE FINAL BUDGET IS CLOSE TO THE PRESIDENT'S ESTIMATE, THE PROSPECT IS AN UNBALANCED BUDGET (AT PRESENT TAX RATES). THIS CHART SHOWS RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES SINCE THE WAR.

democratic order can put through parliamentary business if the members of the parliament cannot make up their minds in what form they want it. It is almost certain that the same thing would tend to happen here if we had the same number of parties represented in the House of Commons, especially when a General Election was in prospect, and from that point of view we may congratulate ourselves that we have not. One may be sure that the French deputies who commonly support the Government and oppose it on this occasion have done so with no sense of lack of patriotism. Party interest is often even stronger than private interest, and a strong party man easily convinces himself that the party interest is also the national interest.

There remains one fallacy so deeply implanted in the British mind that I can hardly hope any words of mine will uproot it. It is, in the popular phrase, that "the

French do not pay their taxes." It is possible that there is more tax evasion in France than in Britain, but French officials with whom I have discussed the matter doubt whether there is much more. France is, in fact, a heavily-taxed country, with a large revenue in proportion to her estimated national income. Where we might fairly criticise her system is in the fact that the vast peasant community, averse from paying any taxation and courted by all political parties, including the Communists, gets off unduly lightly, and that there is so strong an objection to income tax that other forms of taxation are always, when possible, substituted for it, however inequitable or uneconomic they may be. At the same time, it is possible that the restraint upon expenditure in France during the last two years has been justified by preventing the inflationary tendency from becoming overwhelming. It has cost some inefficiency and even misery, but more lavish spending might have broken the French economy altogether. This still remains very fragile.

These difficulties in producing a balanced Budget in the shadow of a possible General Election are related to two subjects which I discussed here recently, the French military contribution to Western Union and the state of affairs in Indo-China. In regard to both, France has been hampered above all by financial stringency. Without taking equipment or arms into account, this has made it impossible for her to raise the strength of the professional side of her forces, and in particular the officers and under-officers of her Army, so as to perform the tasks which she is willing to undertake in both spheres. As I have pointed out, the bulk of such regular junior officers and under-officers as she now has at her disposal is perforce stationed in Indo-China, and it is not possible to create at home a highly trained Army without professionals in the key positions. Neither a first-class electrical mechanic on the administrative side, nor a first-class tank gunner on the operational is likely to be found among conscripts with twelve months' service. If an odd genius does appear, he departs into civil life at the end of his year. At the same time, the French conscript cannot serve in the Far East, whereas the British National Service man can and does, though not unreasonable objections are raised in some quarters to sending him to Malaya.

In view of what has been happening in Paris, it is not to be expected that any notable remedies to these military weaknesses will be found this year. At the best they can be brought about only gradually, and a sharp economic or political crisis might result in a recession in place of an improvement.

Yet the affair need not be taken too tragically. France has already displayed energy in restoring her shattered state, and in many respects can congratulate herself on the work accomplished and the progress made during the last four-and-a-half years. Not for the first time in her history, she has exhibited great recuperative powers after a crushing disaster. Her worst internal danger, far more serious than the financial or economic, lies in the deep spiritual divisions in her community. They were in great part the cause of her downfall in 1940, and they are now no less formidable than they were then, though they do not follow quite the same lines. The most serious-minded Frenchmen are only too conscious of them, but for the time being no one seems able to build bridges across them. The strife of opinion and of party may be healthy in itself, but ideological chasms cutting off sections of a community from each other are harmful exaggerations of this natural form of contention.

It would probably be well if France did hold a General Election this year, because a renewal of the nation's mandate seems to be called for. No observer can be so optimistic as to suppose that a new mandate would make probable a long spell of office for a strong Government. None of the parties now represented are likely to disappear. What an election would do, however, would be to show by the fortunes of the various parties, by their growth or decline in strength, the general tendency of the national opinion. This would be valuable, since it would provide the representatives with a much-needed basis for policy and thus give them a sense of balance which they do not seem to possess at present. To sum up, while the present electoral system remains in force, it appears certain that the number of parties represented in France will not seriously diminish, and that while they remain as numerous as at present no Government will be able to count upon a long lease of life, or be relieved of the threat of defeat at the hands of new combinations. This will continue to result in inconvenience and, in some circumstances, weakness. On the other hand, there is no need to treat the system under which all shades of opinion are reflected in parliamentary representation as a sign of political ill-health.

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OUTSIDE THE ROYAL PALACE, AMSTERDAM, WHERE, ON DECEMBER 27, 1949, SOVEREIGNTY WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE UNITED STATES OF INDONESIA: CROWDS ASSEMBLED ON THE DAM (THE GREAT SQUARE), DURING THE CEREMONY. THE FAMOUS NIEUWE KERK, CORONATION CHURCH OF HOLLAND, IS SHOWN IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE SCENE IN THE ROYAL PALACE, WHERE THE DOCUMENTS CONCERNING THE TRANSFER OF SOVEREIGNTY AND THE STATUTE OF THE NEW NETHERLANDS-INDONESIAN UNION WERE COUNTERSIGNED BY QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS (CENTRE OF LONG TABLE) AND THE NETHERLANDS AND INDONESIAN MINISTERS.

HOLLAND HANDS OVER A COLONIAL EMPIRE—AND THE UNITED STATES OF INDONESIA COMES INTO EXISTENCE.

On Tuesday, December 27, 1949, Queen Juliana of The Netherlands handed over the sovereignty of Holland's rich Colonial Empire; and the United States of Indonesia came into being. The ceremony, in the Royal Palace, Amsterdam, was attended by some three hundred people. The Dutch Cabinet, headed by Dr. Drees, the Prime Minister, and the heads of the two Chambers, were present. Indonesia was represented by a delegation of twelve, led by Mr. Hatta, the Prime Minister, and two representatives of the Dutch West Indies also attended. They sat at a long table in the great hall. A protocol was read making it clear that the Netherlands

Parliament and the constitutional authorities of the sixteen States of the United States of Indonesia had duly ratified the agreements reached at the ten-week round-table conference last autumn at The Hague. Queen Juliana then opened the great hand-tooled red book containing the documents, which were countersigned by her Majesty and the Netherlands and Indonesian Ministers, after they had been read. Mr. Hatta made a short speech of acceptance, and Queen Juliana, as head of the Netherlands-Indonesian Union, spoke graciously of the two nations, once in opposition, now standing side by side.

NEW METHODS OF PRESENTATION AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



HUNG WITH FLEMISH TAPESTRIES, C. 1700: THE OCTAGONAL ROOM, WHICH CONTAINS SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN MARBLES, INCLUDING THE "DYING ACHILLES."



CONTAINING MAGNIFICENT PERSIAN POTTERY, SYRIAN MOSQUE LAMPS, DAMASCENED METAL WORK AND MESOPOTAMIAN TENTH-CENTURY GOLD LUSTRE: THE ISLAMIC GALLERY.



A LATE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH TAPESTRY, WITH (LEFT) A NORTH ITALIAN MARBLE-AND-WOOD OX'S HEAD, AND FRENCH AND GERMAN CERAMICS.



WITH A SPINET, C. 1600, IN A CASE: A VIEW OF ROOM II., SHOWING A FINE MID-SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH TAPESTRY OF A POUSSIN-ESQUE LANDSCAPE.



HUNG WITH BRUSSELS TAPESTRIES, "THE PLANETS": ROOM I., SHOWING THE WALNUT CHAIR OF JUSTICE OF A FRENCH SEIGNEUR, C. 1570 (RIGHT, BETWEEN TAPESTRIES).

The method of arrangement of the six newly-reopened galleries at the Victoria and Albert Museum has been devised by the Director, Sir Leigh Ashton, as the best manner of presenting an "overall" view of the art and the spirit of different periods, so that the lay visitor may enjoy the display without acquiring either "gallery feet" or "museum headache." His scheme has been to devote the ground floor to a display of Primary Collections—that is, small selections of the Museum's best examples of fine and applied arts of all kinds, arranged, not by material, but



WITH PAINTED LEATHER PANELS AND GILDED DECORATIONS: AN ENTIRE ROOM FROM LA TOURNERAI, NEAR ALENCON, A SHOOTING-BOX OF HENRI IV.

by period and style. These will later be supplemented by specialised study collections upon accepted departmental lines. The newly-reopened galleries are Nos. 1-4, devoted to Continental Art, from 1570-1700; and Rooms 42 and 47b, which contain Islamic Art of all periods from the ninth to the eighteenth centuries. The galleries are, for the most part, hung with tapestries which provide an admirable background for examples of fine furniture, sculpture, and ceramics. The tapestry shown in the group with the ox's head represents Orpheus and the Muses.

OCCASIONS ROYAL AND REPUBLICAN: EVENTS ABROAD RECORDED BY CAMERA.



NEW STAMPS ISSUED BY THE REPUBLIC OF INDONESIA: A SERIES DEPICTING INDONESIAN LEADERS; WITH PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS AMERICANS INSET.

Dr. Soekarno was unanimously elected to be the first President of the United States of Indonesia on December 16 and, on the following day, took the oath of office at the Sultan's Palace, Jogjakarta. The transfer of power to the new Republic took place on December 27, and the ceremonies in



THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF INDONESIA: DR. SOEKARNO (SECOND FROM RIGHT) TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE AT JOGJAKARTA ON DECEMBER 17.

Amsterdam are illustrated on page 13 in this issue. The Republic's new stamps depict prominent Indonesian leaders linked with such famous Americans as Washington, Franklin and Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Hatta, the Prime Minister, is depicted on the right-hand stamp in our illustration.

(RIGHT.)
A REGALLY BEAUTIFUL FIGURE AT A STATE BALL GIVEN IN HER HONOUR AT THE PALACE, VALLETTA: (LEFT TO RIGHT) H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH THE GOVERNOR OF MALTA, LADY CREALY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, DURING A DISPLAY OF THE "MALTJA," A TRADITIONAL DANCE IN WHICH THE PARTICIPANTS WEAR EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COURT DRESS.

On December 14, the King's fifty-fourth birthday, Princess Elizabeth paid a formal visit to the Mediterranean Fleet and reviewed ships' companies from the barge of the Commander-in-Chief, and later boarded the aircraft-carrier *Glory*, where her Royal Highness inspected the guard and divisions. In the evening, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Elizabeth attended a State Ball given by the Governor of Malta and Lady Creasy at the Palace, Valletta. Her Royal Highness returned from Malta, where she had been since November 20, in a *Viking* of the King's Flight, and arrived at London Airport shortly before 4 p.m. on December 28. Princess Elizabeth left for Clarence House, where she had arranged to stay for a few days before going to Sandringham, where Prince Charles has been with their Majesties the King and Queen for Christmas.



LEAVING CHRISTIANSBORG CASTLE AFTER PRESENTING HER CREDENTIALS TO KING FREDERIK: MRS. EUGENIE ANDERSSON, THE NEW UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO COPENHAGEN, WITH THE COURT CHAMBERLAIN.

Mrs. Eugenie Andersson, the new United States Ambassador to Denmark, accompanied by her husband and family, arrived in Copenhagen on December 19, and later drove in state to Christiansborg Castle, where she presented her credentials to King Frederik. Mr. Andersson will have the status of a "distinguished foreigner."



LEAVING PARIS ON DECEMBER 21 TO BOARD THE QUEEN ELIZABETH AT CHERBOURG: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR, WITH AN INSEPARABLE COMPANION, AT THE START OF THEIR JOURNEY TO NEW YORK.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

MORE ABOUT POLYANTHUS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

AT the beginning of the last century the polyanthus was being grown with immense seriousness. It had become what is known as a "florist's flower," together with the auricula, the laced pink and the tulip. There were polyanthus societies and special polyanthus shows. The "laced" polyanthus, chocolate ground colour with a fine narrow fillet of gold surrounding the corolla, was bred, cultivated and exhibited under exact and most meticulous rules as to quality, shape, colour and marking. Those rules were all that mattered. A polyanthus might be the most exquisite and decorative flower that ever happened, but if it did not conform to rule, if its petals waved, or if it dared exhibit its stigma instead of its anthers at the mouth of the corolla tube, in other words, if it was "pin-eyed" instead of "thrum-eyed," it was worthless. Away with it to the rubbish heap. To-day the same sort of thing is happening with the daffodil. One may see narcissus specialists at the daffodil shows measuring perianths, and deplored trumpets which are a millimetre too long or petals which presume to undulate. A new narcissus which conforms to rule may be worth much fine gold, but the nonconformist seedlings are sold by the hundred-weight and by the ton for planting in the grass.

Nearly all the old laced polyanthus, the show varieties with their delightful fancy names, Fletcher's Defiance, Burnard's Formosa, and the rest, are extinct, lost to cultivation. Only a few exist to-day, grown and treasured by collectors of antique plants. Portraits of some of the old polyanthus are to be found in Robert Sweet's "Florist's Guide" (1827), exquisitely drawn, engraved and hand-coloured.

The polyanthus races of to-day are altogether heartier things—vigorous, free flowering and decorative. They fall roughly into two classes, the creams, golds and oranges and the multicoloured, reds, purples and violets. Mostly they are grown and raised from seed as strains, and used in more or less formal spring bedding or for massing in half-open woodland. A few have been selected on account of special virtues, given fancy names, and propagated by division.

By far the most important type of polyanthus is the Munstead Strain, which was raised many years ago by that master gardener, the late Miss Gertrude Jekyll. The Munsteads range in colour from palest

maybe to your target, save seed from those plants, and select from the seedlings one or two which show most improvement. Repeat this process, discarding all but the selected few each year, and in a very few generations results will appear.

I set out to raise polyanthus in 1913, and I am still raising them. I chose the multicoloured types, and aimed at flowers of fair size, but not monsters. Above all, I aimed at rich, deep and brilliant colours, and flowers with well-defined centres, golden eyes with smooth, even edges rather than blurred and

few, and these again were subjected to the most ruthless process of selection and elimination. And so it went on, year after year, until I had a race of polyanthus of which I was really proud. From time to time I would add to my strain individual plants which seemed to supply some quality which seemed to me desirable—an extra fine violet or scarlet, chosen from other people's exhibits at the spring shows. If I saw such a plant, and really felt that it would improve my strain, I did not much mind what I paid for it, and occasionally the prices were very fancy indeed. Each year, too, I would select one or perhaps two of my finest seedlings in flower, pot them, and cross them with a variety of other super-seedlings. As a rule, the lifted and potted plants were chosen for size and quality of flower and fullness of flower truss, and the pollen parents that I mated to them were chosen for brilliance or depth and richness of colour. That was during the time that I was running my Six Hills Nursery at Stevenage, and when my strain of polyanthus had reached what seemed to me a worthy standard, the seed was distributed as the Six Hills Strain. My successor at Stevenage, I am glad to say, still maintains the race.

Nothing, however, would induce me to give up that fascinating pursuit of the ideal—which, of course, one never achieves—and I am still growing, crossing and selecting a continuation of the old Six Hills Strain. I have altered my aim and ideals to a certain extent, and my son, who has now joined in the hunt, will doubtless bring changes, developments and improvements into what I now call the Broadwell Strain. I tell all this in the hope that it may lead to others, especially amateurs, tackling the great game of raising a strain.

For growing in woodland and half-wild places the Munstead polyanthus are by far the best and most appropriate. For more formal bedding in the flower garden, the Munsteads and the multicoloured strains are almost equally appropriate, and a mixture of the yellows and the reds, purples and violets is perhaps best of all. And let me hasten to add that there are several supremely good strains of coloured polyanthus to choose from, all differing from one another according to what their raisers have aimed at. The best plan is to see them in flower, exhibited at the Spring Flower Show. The mental pictures formed from catalogue descriptions are apt to be misleading, however honest the intentions of the writers.



POLYANTHUS IN WOODLAND : AN EXAMPLE OF MASS PLANTING OF THIS ROBUST AND VARIOUS PRIMROSE IN THE WILD GARDEN OR THE FRINGES THEREOF.
Photograph by Reginald A. Malby and Co.



THE POLYANTHUS AS A BEDDING PLANT. IN THIS USE THE SOLID, CURVED AND VELVETY HEADS OF FLOWER PRODUCE AN EFFECT OF GREAT OPULENCE IN SPRINGTIME.
Photograph by Donald F. Merrett.

cream and almost white, through primrose yellow to pure gold. The plants are vigorous, and the large blossoms are carried on stout stems in fine, full upstanding heads. The race was evolved from one or two comparatively meagre original plants, by long and patient selection. This raising of a strain of polyanthus by selection is fascinating and most rewarding work, as I well know from experience. And it is in no way difficult. The first thing is to decide what you are going to aim at, and then obtain one or two individual plants which come as near as

"ragged. I bought three or four packets of the best coloured polyanthus seed that were to be had, and raised a big batch of seedlings. When they flowered I selected about half-a-dozen of the best, a bright red, a crimson, a mahogany, a violet-blue, a deep purple and a very deep red-brown. Those few specimens were dug up in flower and set aside for seed, and all the rest of that generation were discarded. The selected few were given no chance of becoming crossed with the discards. Another big batch of seedlings was raised from the seed produced by the selected



POLYANTHUS IN BEDS AT THE FOOT OF SHRUBS EDGING A LAWN. THERE ARE MANY NAMED STRAINS OF THE PLANT, AND THE FINE EXAMPLES SHOWN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH ARE OF THE ORPINGTON STRAIN.
Photograph by J. E. Downward.

Some years ago a most beautiful yellow polyanthus called Barrowby Gem made its appearance. A pure gold, and pleasantly scented. It had about it a quality which was difficult to define. It was impossible to resist, but, alas, I have never found it easy to grow. On the other hand, the variety called Garryarde I have found a most satisfactory "doer," as well as a real beauty, and unlike any other polyanthus that I have ever seen. Its leaves are tinged with beetroot red, and its flowers are of a pink which I can only liken to raspberries and cream—or, shall I say, top of the milk.





CAVERNS FIT FOR KUBLA KHAN: THE FANTASTICALLY BEAUTIFUL CAVES OF BATU, NEAR KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYA.

The Batu Caves, an entrance to which we show in this photograph, may be numbered among the spectacular beauties of the Malay Peninsula. They are huge limestone caverns, lying about six miles from Kuala Lumpur (pictures of which appear overleaf). They are usually visited by pilgrims from all over the world and many visitors can be seen on the staircase approach in our picture. Since the growth of

Communist terrorism in Malaya, they are now considered as a danger zone and Communist bandits are believed to take refuge in their recesses. In this scene the fantastic excesses of tropical vegetation and of limestone cave formations combine to produce in a single landscape the "deep romantic chasm" and the "caverns measureless to man" of Coleridge's interrupted vision.

A MODERN CITY IN THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE: VIEWS OF KUALA LUMPUR.



IN THE CAPITAL OF MALAYA: THE LAKE GARDENS OF KUALA LUMPUR, RUINED DURING THE JAPANESE OCCUPATION AND NOW RESTORED TO BEAUTY.



LOOKING OVER THE ROOFS OF KUALA LUMPUR, A MODERN CITY IN THE HEART OF MALAYA'S JUNGLES AND THE ADMINISTRATIVE CAPITAL OF THE FEDERATION.



KUALA LUMPUR IS A CITY OF VIVID CONTRASTS AND AMONG THE LARGE MODERN BUILDINGS CAN BE FOUND MANY NATIVE STREET TRADERS LIKE THESE.



THERE ARE NEARLY AS MANY CHINESE AS MALAYS IN MALAYA; AND THIS CHINESE WOMAN, SELLING VEGETABLES, IS TYPICAL OF MANY CHINESE INHABITANTS.



KUALA LUMPUR HAS A POPULOUS CHINESE QUARTER; AND HERE IN PETALING STREET THE GAY PAPER LANTERNS ARE HANGING FOR THE SEVENTH MOON FESTIVAL.



IN SHARP CONTRAST WITH PETALING STREET (RIGHT, MIDDLE, PICTURE): MOUNTBATTEN ROAD, KUALA LUMPUR, THE MAIN STREET IN THE EUROPEAN SHOPPING CENTRE.

Recent news of fighting against the Communist terrorists in the jungles and plantations of Malaya provides a strange background to the pictures of Kuala Lumpur which we reproduce on this page and the one facing it. Kuala Lumpur, known familiarly in the East as "K.L.", might be described as a modern city in the heart of the jungle. It is the administrative capital not only of the State of Selangor (population,



A COMMON SIGHT IN MALAYA AND IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF KUALA LUMPUR: A TIN-DREDGER AT WORK IN THE STATE OF SELANGOR, A RICH TIN AREA.

701,552) in which it stands, but also of the whole Federation of Malaya, with its mixed population of Malays, Chinese, Indians and Europeans, totalling in all 4,779,683 (1940-41 figures, later figures showing a probable increase). It stands on the western side of the peninsula, over against Sumatra, but some 30 miles inland, its port, with which it is connected by rail, being Port Swettenham.

THE CAPITAL OF THE FEDERATION OF
MALAYA: KUALA LUMPUR LANDMARKS.



THE POST OFFICE OF KUALA LUMPUR: SELANGOR, OF WHICH THE CITY IS THE CAPITAL, HAS ABOUT 700,000 INHABITANTS, BUT "K.L." IS ALSO THE FEDERATION CAPITAL.



EUROPEAN COMMERCIAL ARCHITECTURE OFTEN TAKES STRANGE FORMS IN THE EAST; AND THIS MOORISH PAVILION IS KUALA LUMPUR'S STATION AND RAILWAY HOTEL.



A PALM-FRINGED WATERWAY AND MODERN HOUSES IN KUALA LUMPUR: IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND IS THE HUGE NEW EDIFICE, CALLED THE ORIENTAL BUILDING, OCCUPIED BY A BANK.

Kuala Lumpur, which lies on the road and rail routes between Singapore and Penang, has an extremely central position in the peninsula; and this fact, coupled with its being the capital of Selangor State and of the Federation, has made it the most important town in the Federation. The Sultan of Selangor lives near by, at Klang, between Kuala Lumpur and Port Swettenham. The capital lies in an



RECALLING IN EQUAL PROPORTIONS BRIGHTON AND VENICE: THE DOMES AND CAMPANILE WHICH FORM PART OF THE IMPRESSIVE FAÇADE OF THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS IN KUALA LUMPUR.

area immensely rich in tin; and it has even been said that it would be a paying proposition to pull all of Kuala Lumpur down in order to get at the tin on which the city stands. As can be seen, this is a remarkable claim, as Kuala Lumpur has many large and impressive buildings, mainly in an imposing Venetian-Moorish style to which European architecture not infrequently tends in the Far East.



THE INAUGURATION OF THE HOLY YEAR ON CHRISTMAS EVE: HIS HOLINESS THE POPE, THE CROSS IN HIS RIGHT HAND AND A CANDLE IN HIS LEFT, HAVING REMOVED HIS MITRE, ENTERS THE GREAT BASILICA OF ST. PETER THROUGH THE HOLY DOOR.

THE HOLY YEAR OF "THE GREAT RETURN AND THE GREAT PARDON" INAUGURATED: HIS HOLINESS THE POPE CONDUCTING THE SOLEMN CEREMONIES IN ST. PETER'S.



THE MOST SOLEMN MOMENT OF THE CEREMONY OF OPENING THE HOLY DOOR IN ST. PETER'S: THE POPE, WEARING HIS MITRE, KNOCKS ON IT WITH THE SILVER-AND-IVORY HAMMER.



WITHIN ST. PETER'S, BEFORE THE CEREMONY: OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE MECHANISM BY MEANS OF WHICH THE HOLY DOOR WAS LOWERED BACKWARDS AND REMOVED AFTER THE POPE HAD KNOCKED.



SHOWING THE BRONZE DOOR WHICH HAS BEEN ERECTED TEMPORARILY TO CLOSE THE HOLY DOOR AT NIGHT: A GROUP OF STUDENT PRIESTS WAITING TO ENTER AS PILGRIMS. PAPAL GUARDS ARE SEEN ON THE RIGHT.



MAKING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS IN ST. PETER'S: HIS HOLINESS THE POPE AFTER HE HAD OPENED THE HOLY DOOR IN A CEREMONY MARKING THE BEGINNING OF THE HOLY YEAR, WHICH IN HIS CHRISTMAS MESSAGE HE REFERRED TO AS BEING "THE YEAR OF THE GREAT RETURN AND THE GREAT PARDON."

SOLEMN and magnificent ceremonial on Christmas Eve marked the inauguration by the Pope of the Holy Year. In our issue of Dec. 24 we illustrated the Holy Door itself (which is blocked up except during Holy Years) and gave a portrait of his Holiness, Pope Pius XII, and photographs of scenes and objects connected with the Holy Year since its inauguration. On these pages we illustrate aspects of the actual Christmas Eve events. In his Christmas message, delivered on December 23, the Pope spoke with deep feeling of the longing-for religious renewal of the modern world, and said that the Holy Year must see the solution of the spiritual crisis which oppresses man in the present age. The Holy Year must, he said, be characterized as "the year of the great return and the great pardon." On the morning of Christmas Eve, he opened the Holy Door of the Great Basilica of St. Peter. He was borne in the *sedile gestatoria* from the Sistine Chapel, accompanied by his court, to the porch of the Basilica, where he was acclaimed by notables, including the Queen-Mother of Belgium, Signor de Gasperi, members of the Government of the Province of Quebec, Canada, and diplomatic representatives of four countries credited to the Vatican. On descending from the *sedile gestatoria* the

Pope mounted a white-gold-and-red throne, and then left it to give the signal for three knocks on the Holy Door with the ivory-and-silver hammer he had received from the Cardinal Penitentiary. As he returned to the throne, the Holy Door, suddenly, cut away and raised to a wheeled truck, was slowly lowered backwards and removed by Vatican workmen. The Confessor of St. Peter's then washed the frames and threshold of the door with holy water, and when the pillows and cushions had been laid in the opening, the Pope, removing his mitre, the Cross in his right hand and a lighted candle in his left, knelt on the threshold, and intoned the prayer before entering the Basilica alone. The pontifical court, headed by Cardinals, immediately followed, each member visiting the left-hand frame of the door as he entered. At the close of the ceremony the Pope was borne slowly out of the Basilica, as he blessed the people on either side. Similar ceremonies were performed by Cardinals-Legate at the smaller church at the Backsides of St. Peter's Outside the Walls, the Lateran Basilica and Santa Maria Maggiore. The Pope spent the day by celebrating Midnight Mass in St. Peter's before a congregation which included some 10,000 pilgrims. His health, it is learned, has been giving rise to anxiety.



CELEBRATING MIDNIGHT MASS IN THE GREAT BASILICA OF ST. PETER ON CHRISTMAS EVE: BEFORE A CONGREGATION WHICH INCLUDED SOME 10,000 PILGRIMS WHO HAD COME FROM MANY PARTS OF ITALY AND FROM DISTANT FOREIGN LANDS: HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII.



THE "FIERY CROSS" AT LONDON AIRPORT: A DIAGRAMMATIC EXPLANATION OF THE "LINE AND BAR" APPROACH LIGHTING SYSTEM INSTALLED FOR USE IN CONDITIONS OF POOR VISIBILITY.

Experiments are still in progress in many countries with the object of perfecting a lighting system able to penetrate thick fog and assist pilots of aircraft in approaching and landing on an aerodrome in bad weather. During the war a system was used in the Americas employing the heat from petrol tanks to disperse fog. Known as "Fido," it was to some extent effective but also extremely expensive to operate. The "line and bar" system illustrated on these pages was first tried out experimentally at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, and now has been installed at London Airport. This system uses high-intensity lighting to pierce the fog, and during the Berlin air-lift proved to be most effective

at the, then, busiest aerodrome in the world, Gatow, in conjunction with the G.C.A. system, whereby a ground controller instructs the pilot how to land in and land in thick weather. The London Airport installation only comes into use when fog or low cloud brings visibility down to less than 1500 yards and is not fully lighted up until visibility is down to 1000 yards. The whole system is operated from the Control Tower, which is connected to the Light Control Centre some considerable distance away. The lighting is automatically controlled at the Centre, and should a fault occur, such as a failure of a light or lights, it is instantly revealed by a red tell-tale light "winking" on the control desk.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., AT LONDON

AIRPORT, IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE MINISTRY OF CIVIL AVIATION.

In addition to guiding the pilots in to the airport in really thick fog by day or night, the "line and bar" system also gives them valuable assistance by providing a horizontal datum which shows whether the aircraft is approaching with one wing down. This is where the "line and bar" (or Calvert) system scores over other devices now in use. The Line lights are not unlike large car headlights, each with a 500-watt filament bulb, and above these on the same pylons are red lights with 250-watt filament bulbs which are only used for landings on clear nights. It is intended to install red lights on the "bars" as well, so that in future on clear nights London Airport will be distinguishable from the air by a red "fiery cross." The seven bars are spaced 500 ft. apart and mount sodium lamps of high intensity which take about ten minutes to light up. Experimentally, the elongated "V" of the system is at present marked by red low-intensity lights forming an outline to the line and bars. It will be seen that the line is divided into three sections—the outer section has line lights in triplicate, the centre section double lights and the last section a single row of lights leading to the runway. In addition there are six towers with overhead lamps ringing the north side of the marshalling apron, and giving an efficient yet diffused illumination for loading and unloading operations.



The World of the Cinema.

GETTING AND SPENDING.

By ALAN DENT.

"THE World is too much with us," said Wordsworth, "late and soon, Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers." It is the outset of one of his noblest, subtlest, most spontaneous, and most celebrated sonnets. Yet even so, I remember the first time I read it in school, at the age of twelve or so, coming to the immediate conclusion—tacit and unexpressed, of course, since literary criticism of the acknowledged masterpieces was not encouraged—that the line-ending "late and soon" did not mean very much, but was a necessary rhyme to subsequent line-endings like "a sordid boon," "to the moon," and "out of tune."

However this is no time or place for criticising Wordsworth. I make the point (1) because it reveals the nascent critic in me at an early age, the odious flouter of accepted opinion, and (2) because the well-remembered sonnet provides a title which brackets two films, though these at first glance may seem to have nothing whatever in common. "Bicycle Thieves," at the Curzon, is a study of extreme poverty in a present-day Italian city. "The Rocking Horse Winner," at the Marble Arch Odeon—elaborated from a short story by D. H. Lawrence—is a study of extravagance in England. The one, in short, is about Getting, and the other about Spending. But these two profoundly dissimilar films have a feature in common: both centre in a small boy, and both reveal the relationship between that small boy and his elders.

The Italian film has been directed by Vittorio de Sica, who made the well-remembered "Shoe-Shine," and who appears, like Murillo in painting, to have a particular flair for delineating small-boyhood. It is extremely well directed and wholly entralling—a tale of an Italian out-of-work who gets a job as billposter, sells his family's bed-linen in order to secure a necessary bicycle, has his bicycle stolen under his very nose on the first day of his new job, is forced to steal one on his own account, and is discovered in the theft. This billposter is accompanied throughout his joys, excitements, trials and sorrows by his small son—an intensely alive, precocious, touchingly adult, but never tiresome scrap of belligerent humanity. (Father and son are played by Lamberto Maggiorani and Enzo Staiola, two amateurs whose intense naturalism will astound only those who think that film-acting is necessarily a professional business. Directors like De Sica and our own Carol Reed and David Lean have recently and abundantly proved that it isn't.)

Let it be repeated that "Bicycle Thieves" is an absolutely first-rate piece of narrative in terms of film. It has suspense, novelty, and continuous excitement. It is so explicit—in spite of its voluble Italian sound-track—that it is, I hear, to be shown throughout the land. It is, in brief, a little masterpiece—but even as I declare it so, I lay much more emphasis on the adjective than on the noun. When I see one esteemed colleague describing it as "not merely the finest film we have had for years, but a rediscovery of cinema-photography," I rub my eyes and then rush to the support of what critical standards remain to us. Other colleagues even more esteemed have lost their heads to an extent almost as great. And it is only when I arrive at the estimate of that cool judge and witty fellow, Fred Majdalany,

that I recover balance after a dizzy journey through the notices. He voices my own considered opinion exactly and precisely: "The new Italian

sonnet, so to speak, under the impression that they are going to get Homer." Then, having made his corrective point, this same sound critic very rightly appraises the film's values and virtues, and concludes by calling it "simultaneously funny and sad and universal in a way that has been achieved by hardly anyone except Charlie Chaplin." I am all the more delighted by this, because I found myself thinking all the time of Chaplin in "The Kid"—an unforgettable film about a hobo and an infant which has, I understand, been destroyed by the genius who made it, Chaplin himself.

If the general tendency has been to over-praise this Italian film in terms to which it does not aspire, the tendency to under-praise "The Rocking Horse Winner" has been hardly less marked. Yet this film seems to me to be highly remarkable in many ways. It tells a strange anecdote of a child who had a habit of riding his new rocking-horse at all hours of the night because the ecstasy thus induced inspired him to foresee the winner of impending

horse-races. The boy is beautifully played by John Howard Davies, who will be readily remembered as the screen's Oliver Twist; and the gardener who takes an honest advantage of the boy's inspirations and hoards his earnings safely in the bank is acted by John Mills with that skilled player's usual adroit sensitivity.

But the real point of the story, as of the picture, is not so much the child madly careering to the brain-fever which kills him in the end as his extravagant mother—immeasurably the best performance to date of Valerie Hobson. It is a part which almost any film actress would give her original eyebrows to play—that of a woman who is a good-enough wife and mother at heart, but who spends far more than her own and her husband's income in "studying fashions to adorn her body" (as Richard Gloster phrases it). The result, of course, is that Miss Hobson appears in a breathtakingly lavish series of elaborate toilettes. But this same actress gives hints in this film of being something subtler than a handsome mannequin. The essence of the story is that this mother is unaware of the source of the income which makes her extravagance possible. Her brother (a man about town deliciously played by Ronald Squire in his most astute and worldly vein) has conspired with the gardener and the family lawyer to allow the foolish lady to imagine that she is enjoying the bequest of a rich deceased relative. The climax of the film, when the child dies after a frantic effort to foretell the Derby winner, is therefore all the more effective, and all the more loaded with irony.

Anthony Pélassier, who directs, has rather too many of the obvious tricks of the trade, or, rather, one would say that this is a young director who has yet to perfect the art of making the director's tricks inobvious. But even so, his effects are mainly legitimate, and he has an incomparable aider and abettor in his camera-man, Desmond Dickinson, many of whose compositions—

one of the little boy gazing into the face of his rocking-horse is a particular beauty—would be acclaimed from the Hampstead and Chelsea housetops if this film had happened to be made in France or Italy.



A FILM WHICH HAS BEEN GENERALLY "UNDERPAID": "THE ROCKING HORSE WINNER," SHOWING JOHN MILLS AS BASSETT, THE GARDENER, A FORMER JOCKEY, TEACHING PAUL (JOHN HOWARD DAVIES) HOW TO RIDE.



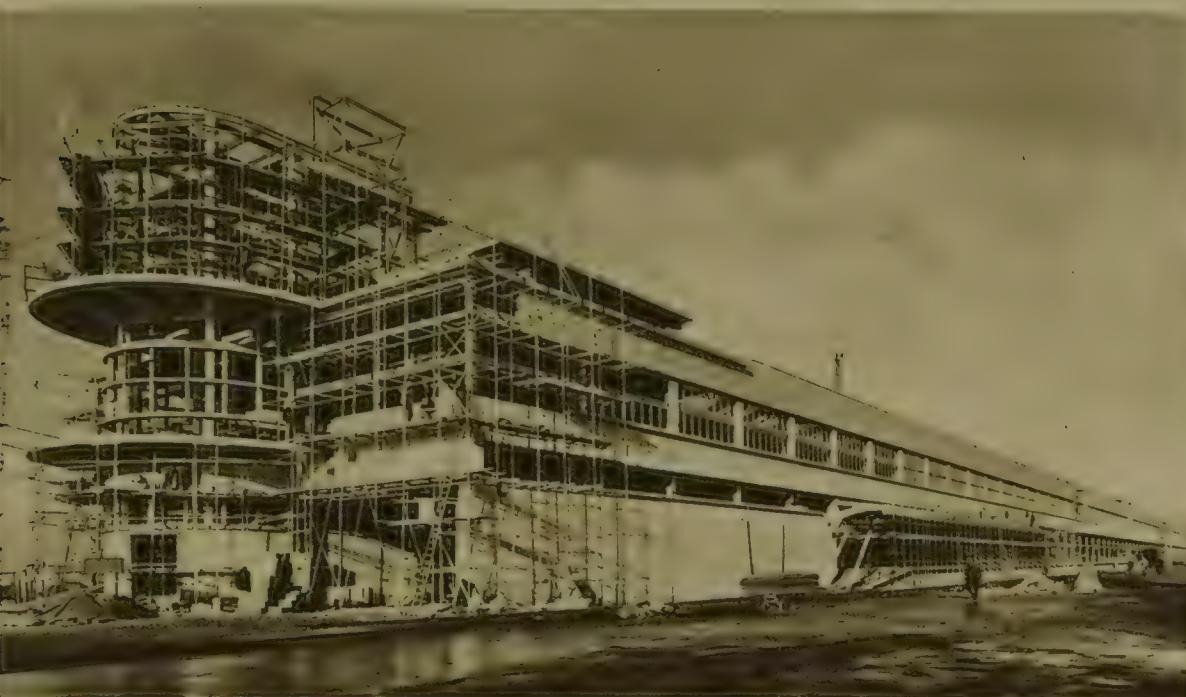
"MADLY CAREERING TO THE BRAIN-FEVER WHICH KILLS HIM IN THE END": PAUL (JOHN HOWARD DAVIES) HAVING A WILD GALLOP ON HIS ROCKING-HORSE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AS HE TRIES TO LEARN THE NAME OF THE HORSE WHICH WILL WIN THE DERBY.



A FILM WHICH "SEEMS TO ME TO BE HIGHLY REMARKABLE IN MANY WAYS": "THE ROCKING HORSE WINNER," SHOWING HESTER (VALERIE HOBSON), WATCHING THE ROCKING-HORSE BURNING AFTER PAUL'S DEATH. SHE NOW REALISES THE BITTER COST OF THE WEALTH SHE CRAVED. "The Rocking Horse Winner" (Two Cities), elaborated from a short story by D. H. Lawrence, "tells a strange anecdote of a child who had a habit of riding his new rocking-horse at all hours of the night because the ecstasy this induced inspired him to foresee the winner of impending horse-races." Mr. Dent says that this film, directed by Anthony Pélassier, is remarkable in many ways and contains immeasurably the best performance to date by Valerie Hobson. The part of Paul is brilliantly played by John Howard Davies and the gardener is acted by John Mills "with that skilled player's usual adroit sensitivity."

film is an exquisite trifle that achieves perfection in slightness. It is important that this should be made clear. The film is going to be praised a lot, and it is likely to be spoilt for many people if they approach a

MAN AND WILD NATURE, SYMBOLISM AND RATIONING: UNUSUAL AND ROUTINE ASPECTS OF THE WORLD TO-DAY.



DESIGNED TO PROVIDE COMFORT FOR TRAVELLERS ARRIVING IN ENGLAND FROM NEW YORK BY CUNARD WHITE STAR "QUEENS":
THE SOUTHAMPTON OCEAN TERMINAL, NEARING COMPLETION, AND DUE TO OPEN THIS YEAR.

When the new Ocean Terminal at Southampton is in use, passengers arriving by Cunard White Star "Queens" will transfer direct under cover from the ships to the upper floor for baggage inspection by the Customs, and will enter the special British Railways expresses to Waterloo from covered platforms on the ground floor. The building will house information bureaux, telephone boxes and other amenities.



THE LONDON ZOO'S GIANT PANDA, TAKEN SERIOUSLY ILL.

ON DECEMBER 20: LIEN-HO EATING BAMBOO SHOOTS.

The grave illness of Lien-Ho, the London Zoo's Giant Panda, is believed to have been caused by lack of vitamins in the bamboo shoots which form her diet. Supplies were received in answer to an appeal; and on December 30, injections of Vitamin B concentrate had effected a slight improvement. Lien-Ho, aged five, went to the Zoo in 1946.



CAUGHT RECENTLY IN KARACHI WATERS: A MONSTER WHALE-SHARK (*RHINEODON TYPUS*) MEASURING 41 FT. IN LENGTH AND WITH A MOUTH WHICH EXTENDED 4 FT.

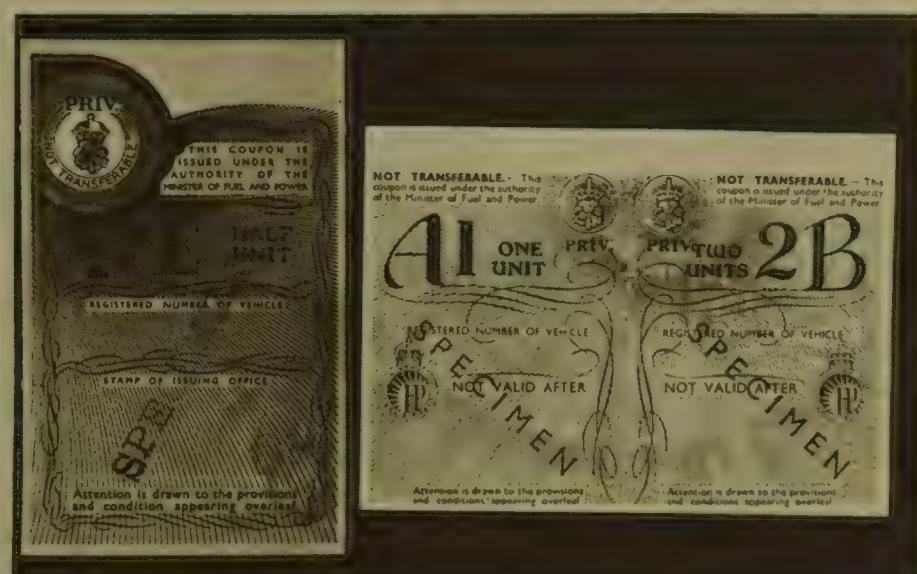
Our photograph shows the largest of a "family" of three monster whale-shark (*Rhineodon typus*) caught in Karachi waters recently. These monsters had been "prowling about for a month," writes our correspondent, "until a handful of intrepid fishermen, armed only with hand-thrown harpoons, bagged all three within three weeks.... During a hundred years this was the fourth time that the

Rhineodon typus has been seen in Karachi waters—first in 1850, by a Dr. Duist, and the last time in 1937 only 20 miles out, and only about 20 ft. long. But this time was the first that one was brought ashore.... It measured 41 ft. in length, 35 ft. in circumference at its broadest part, and 33 ft. from fin to fin. Its 4-ft. mouth stood agape 15 ins.



TO BE HOISTED ON THE DOME OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NEW DELHI, ON JANUARY 26:
THE FLAG OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF INDIA.

The red-and-blue flag of the President of the Republic of India, who comes into office on January 26, bears (top, l. and r.) the Asoka Lion capital, crest of India, and the Ajanta elephant (patience and strength); and (below), the Scales (justice) and the Lotus Bowl (prosperity and plenty).



SUPPLEMENTARY PETROL COUPONS FOR PRIVATE USERS: THE OLD "E" AND THE NEW "A/B" COUPONS WHICH ARE TO REPLACE THEM IN 1950.

Private motorists entitled to supplementary (white) petrol will this year receive coupons of a new design. Those in this new "A/B" issue, which will gradually replace the "E" coupons, are perforated down the centre, so that the motorist can vary the amount purchased at one time.

"THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE"—REVEALED IN ATHENS EXCAVATIONS.



FIG. 1. THE STOA OF ATTALOS (SECOND CENTURY B.C.)—A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF ESPECIAL INTEREST AS THIS BUILDING IS TO BE REBUILT TO HOUSE THE AGORA DISCOVERIES. LATER RESEARCH HAS SHOWN THAT THE STOA HAD GABLED ENDS AND THAT A FOUR-HORSE CHARIOT GROUP SHOULD REPLACE THE STAIRWAY.

In our last issue, Professor Homer A. Thompson began his account of the 1948 and 1949 seasons of the excavations of the Agora at Athens conducted by the American School of Classical Studies, and discussed mainly the discoveries relating to the Hephaisteion (formerly called the Theseion). He continues his account below.

AMONG the most famous buildings of ancient Athens was the Stoa Poikile, or Painted Porch, built by Peisianax, son-in-law of Cimon and uncle of Alcibiades. The building took its name from the paintings on its walls: the Battle of Marathon, the Battle of Oinoe, the Battle between the Athenians and the Amazons, the Capture of Troy. These paintings, executed by the leading Greek artists of the mid-fifth century, Polygnotos, Panainos and Mikon, are known to us from echoes in contemporary vase-paintings and from the description written by Pausanias in the second

[Continued below, left.]



FIG. 2. A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF A TYPICAL PILASTER CAPITAL OF THE PAINTED PORCH BUILT BY PEISIANAX, UNCLE OF ALCIBIADES. THE SECTIONAL PROFILE IS SHOWN LEFT.



FIG. 3. A WALL BLOCK FROM THE PAINTED PORCH, WHICH SHOWS THE HOLES FOR THE IRON PINS, WHICH CARRIED THE WOODEN TABLETS ON WHICH THE MURALS, CELEBRATED IN ANTIQUITY, WERE PAINTED.

Continued.
century of our era. The building, in turn, gave its name to the "Stoic" school of philosophy that gathered around Zeno as he strolled and taught in its shelter in the fourth century B.C. From the literary references, it had long been clear that the Stoa stood along the north side of the Agora square, in an area that lies outside the limits of the current excavations. In the summer of 1949 the demolition of a wall of the late Roman period in the north-east corner of the square brought to light many fragmentary limestone blocks from the superstructure of an earlier building. A date in the 60's of the fifth century B.C. may be inferred from the profile of the mouldings on these blocks. Most of the surviving members are of the Doric order, but they include also a fragment of an Ionic base. Many of the blocks still preserve areas of brilliant colour, blue, red and green, from which it has been

[Continued on right.]



FIG. 4. A SHATTERED PILASTER CAPITAL FROM THE PAINTED PORCH. AREAS OF BRILLIANT COLOUR STILL SURVIVE AND HAVE ENABLED THE RECONSTRUCTION SHOWN IN FIG. 2 TO BE MADE WITH CONFIDENCE.

Continued.
possible to recover the scheme of the painted decoration that emphasized the salient elements of the architecture (Figs. 2 and 4). The combination of the Doric and Ionic orders, the use of limestone rather than marble and the scheme of the capital for an *anta* or pilaster illustrated in Figs. 2 and 4, suggest that the building was a colonnade or stoa. In date, in quality of workmanship, and place of finding, the newly-recovered fragments agree precisely with the literary evidence bearing on the Painted Porch. Even of the paintings some evidence survives. The faces of the wall blocks are pierced at close intervals with drilled holes, in some of which there still remain iron pins of the thickness of a lead pencil (Fig. 3). These pins may confidently be regarded as the means of attachment for the great wooden panels on which the wall-paintings are known to have been done. Bishop Synesius, writing

[Continued on opposite page.]

TO BE RECONSTRUCTED AS A MUSEUM: THE ANCIENT STOA OF ATTALOS.

Continued.]
 c. A.D. 400, remarked that the paintings had been carried away by a preconsul. We can come this close, therefore, but no closer to the most famous major paintings of ancient Athens. All the material found in the Agora excavations is the property of the Greek Government and is to remain on the spot to enliven its original context. After a long debate as to the design and position of a permanent museum building, it has been decided to reconstruct one of the ancient public buildings to house the collection. The choice has fallen on the best-preserved of the structures that bordered the square, *viz.*, the Stoa built by Attalos II., King of Pergamon (159-138 B.C.), who had studied in Athens as a youthful prince (Fig. 5). This building, measuring approximately 65 by 380 ft., closed the east side of the ancient square. Twenty-one single-roomed shops looked out each through a broad doorway on a continuous porch supported by two rows of columns; this scheme was repeated in a second storey reached by a stairway at either end. The shops must have been among the most fashionable in Athens and also among the most advantageously placed, for the broad porch with its splendid view across the monument-studded square was undoubtedly a much-frequented promenade at all times, and on festival days, we may imagine, was packed by thousands of citizens eager to view the passage of parades—above all, the Panathenaic

(Continued on right.)



FIG. 5. THE STOA OF ATTALOS AS IT IS TO-DAY—COMPARE THE RECONSTRUCTION IN FIG. 1. PARTS OF THE WALLS STILL STAND TO THEIR ORIGINAL HEIGHT. THE STOA, HERE SEEN FROM THE SOUTH-EAST, IS TO BE REBUILT AS A MUSEUM.

Continued.]
 Procession as it made its way through the square toward the Acropolis. The reconstruction of the Stoa of Attalos will not only provide adequate museum-space. It will also make readily intelligible even to lay visitors the design of an outstanding example of a very common type of Greek civic architecture. At the same time it will again, as in antiquity, close the area toward the east and restore to the market square some measure of its original unity. For these reasons, and because the great building rising in the middle of the city will certainly be of interest to tourists, the project has been included in the programme for the rehabilitation of museums and archaeological sites in Greece and is receiving some financial support under the Marshall Plan. Under these circumstances the undertaking is being carried out by the American School of Classical Studies on behalf of the Greek Government. Work on the Stoa began in April of 1949. The first season was devoted largely to exposing the foundations of the ancient building and to verifying the reconstruction of its original scheme by the close study of the scattered blocks from its superstructure (Fig. 1). A beginning has also been made on the carving of new column capitals which are patterned on the fragmentary surviving ancient members (Fig. 6) and are fashioned by the skilful marble-workers of modern Athens (Fig. 7).

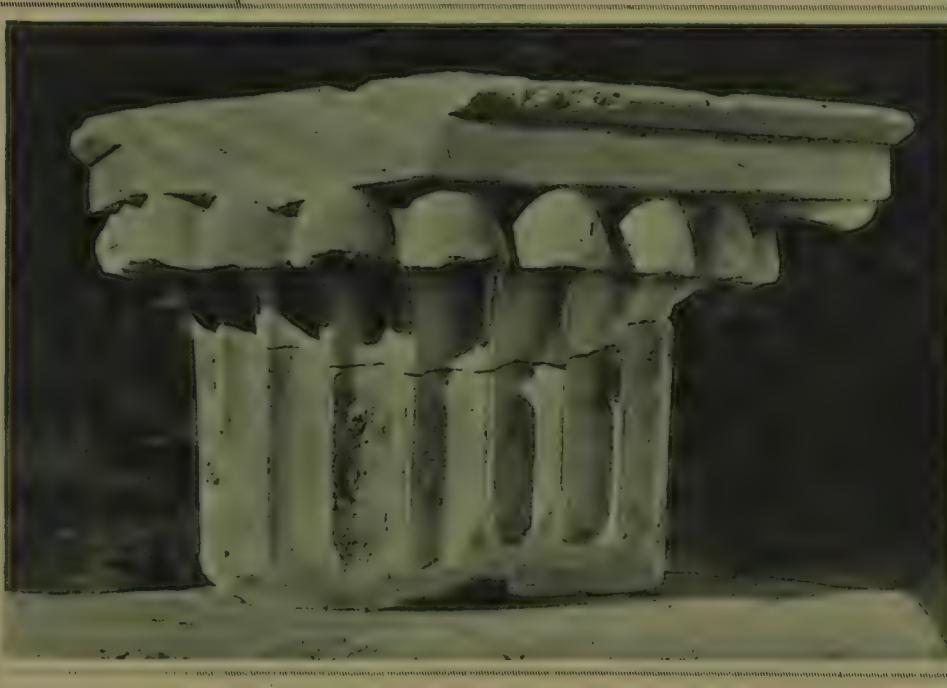
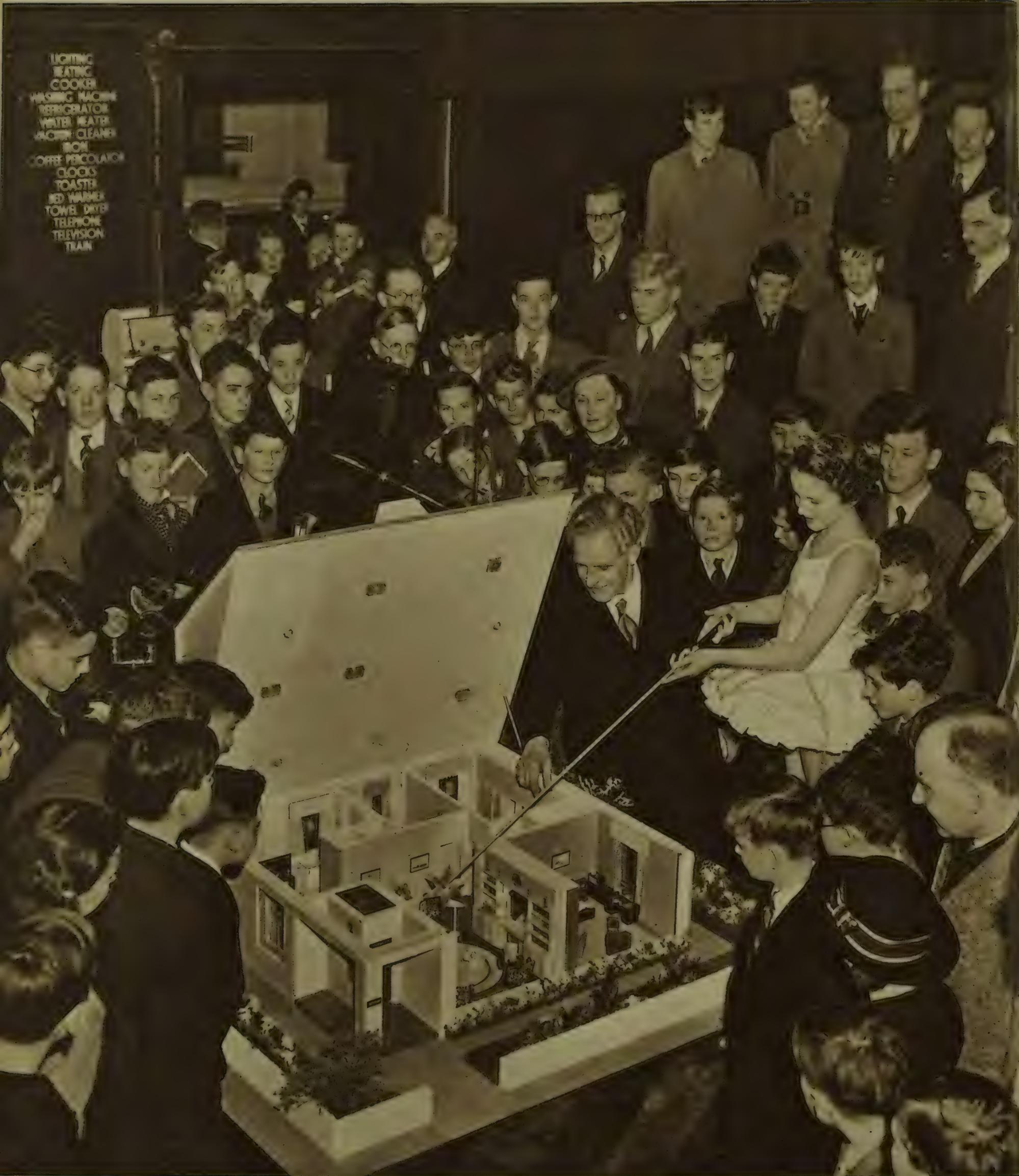


FIG. 6. AN ANCIENT COLUMN CAPITAL OF PERGAMENE TYPE WHICH WAS PART OF THE ORIGINAL STOA OF ATTALOS AND WHICH IS NOW BEING COPIED . . . (SEE FIG. 7).



FIG. 7. . . . BY THE SKILLED MARBLE-WORKERS OF MODERN ATHENS FOR THE RECONSTRUCTED STOA OF ATTALOS, TO HOUSE THE AGORA DISCOVERIES.



INSTRUCTIVE SHOCKS FOR A YOUNG AUDIENCE: THE FIRST OF SIX CHRISTMAS LECTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION; SHOWING DR. DUNSHORTH, AIDED BY A "FAIRY," EXAMINING THE ELECTRICAL GADGETS IN A MODEL OF A MODERN HOUSE.

Dr. Dunsheath, chairman of Convocation of London University and a director of an electrical firm, opened the 120th series of Christmas lectures at the Royal Institution in London on December 29. The lectures, "adapted to a juvenile auditory," are this year devoted to the electric current, and the first lecture was entitled "The Electric Age and How It Began." Dr. Dunsheath entertained and instructed his young audience with mince-pies (which they were later allowed to eat) cooked by high-frequency rays; apples protected from pilferers by an invisible guard which rang a bell; heart-beats recorded on strips of sensitised paper by electric

cardiograph; and with models and lantern slides to show 1,000,000 candle-power searchlights and the way naval guns stay trained on their targets, however much a ship rolls. A young "fairy" dressed in a ballet dress helped Dr. Dunsheath to identify the electrical equipment in a model of a modern home. The audience was particularly entertained, and the volunteers surprised, when the lecturer proved the continuity of an electrical circuit by joining hands with four boys and forming a link through which current was passed. Finally, there was a loud bang from a fuse when Dr. Dunsheath indicated the effects of faulty wiring.




THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

AT the age of seven, my younger son was already an expert on fossil reptiles. At least, he could talk learnedly and to his own complete satisfaction on *Triceratops*, *Diplodocus*, *Iguanodon*, and the like. One day, when studying his favourite picture-book on this subject, he suddenly looked up at his grandmother, and, with the air of sapience which only extreme youth can command, said : " You must have seen these animals when you were young, Grandma." At the age of seven, time has little meaning, and 100,000,000 years and the childhood of one's grandparents belong equally to the dim past. Furthermore, it is not at all certain that the adult is in much better case. Late one

TIME: AND THE EARTH.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

articles, and the same principles must surely apply in regard to the contents of a book. And there is no *a priori* reason why a museum guide should not look attractive. This is not the only way, however, in which this guide breaks new ground, for although its primary purpose is to carry its reader round the newly-organised index gallery in the Geological Department of the Museum, it can be read as a consecutive narrative, independently of that gallery.



A FISH OF THE HERRING TYPE, FROM THE UPPER CRETACEOUS LIMESTONES OF MOUNT LEBANON, SYRIA : *Scombroclupea*, WHICH LIVED 70,000,000 TO 140,000,000 YEARS AGO, WHEN THE CRETACEOUS SEAS SWARMED WITH THE MORE PRIMITIVE SHARKS AS WELL AS WITH FISHES OF MODERN ASPECT, SUCH AS HERRINGS AND FLYING-FISHES.

On pages 30-31 in this issue we reproduce a chart showing in pictorial form the immensity of time that has elapsed since the world began, together with a selection of geological periods and specimens of the fauna associated with them. In the article on this page Dr. Maurice Burton discusses the difficulty of appreciating the vast changes that have taken place in that time and describes a special section at the Natural History Museum designed to present the geological periods together with their fauna and flora, geography and climate, as a whole.

evening, in 1939, in the heart of the country, I came across a church, with obvious Norman traces in its walls. Its doors were locked, but the verger left his nearby cottage to admit me into the church. Feeling that to make polite conversation was the least I could do in return for putting him to this inconvenience, I said to the verger : " I suppose this is a very old church." He replied : " Oh, yes, very old ; it was here when I was a boy."

[The date when this incident took place is given because I have told this story so many times in the last ten years, and was delighted to learn that a story, almost indistinguishable from it, appeared in *Punch* recently.]

It is not so long ago that the geologist would resolutely refuse to express the age of a rock or a fossil in terms of years, and in this he was the despair of the layman, and particularly the journalist. Now, however, he is prepared to be more accommodating. The age of the earth is now generally accepted as 3,000,000,000 years. And some authorities date the origin of life on the earth as about 1,500,000,000 years ago. It is questionable whether to anyone this is more than one or two numerals followed by a string of noughts ; whether, in fact, it means any more in our appreciation of time than the age of the church did to the verger. It is, however, a comfort to be able to say that the Cambrian Period lasted 100,000,000 years, and that it commenced 520,000,000 years ago. At all events, these and many other matters are adequately and concisely dealt with in " The Succession of Life through Geological Time," an illustrated guide by Dr. K. P. Oakley and Dr. Helen Muir-Wood, published by the British Museum (Natural History).

The very mention of the words " Museum Guide Book " are sufficient to conjure up a booklet packed with information, usually of little value outside the museum itself, enclosed within the most forbidding of formal covers. In the case of this handbook—it is not described as a guide, though clearly that is what it is—our first introduction to it is through its pleasantly designed, two-colour paper covers. A good deal is being said just now about the psychological value of the wrapping in the selling of manufactured

instruction at the universities in the past, and, in many cases, still to-day, has shown a similar subdivision, with separate and independent courses dealing with fossil vertebrates, fossil invertebrates and fossil plants. If, therefore, a student wished to know what plants were found in the cretaceous periods, what animals lived on land, as well as which animals lived in the seas of that time, he found it necessary to use three separate lines of thought to arrive at a conclusion.

In an attempt to break down these artificial barriers in the Museum, a special section is now devoted to the history of the earth in brief. Here, in a series of twenty panels, the geological periods are portrayed, giving an outline of the geography, climate, vegetation and fauna, terrestrial and aquatic, for each period. For example, a map shows the distribution of the land masses, and of the oceans—markedly different to what they are to-day—and the accompanying specimens and pictures give us a glimpse of the weather and scenery, and of the plants and animals living on land, in the air, in the rivers and in the sea. In the Cretaceous period, for example, as with the preceding Jurassic, there were reptiles, carnivorous, herbivorous, arboreal and flying, of all shapes and sizes, some of them giants. But, although dominant, they were obviously not the only inhabitants of the earth, though we are apt at times to overlook this. The seas, for example, contained animals similar to those found in them to-day, sponges, corals, sea-urchins and sea-lilies ; the ammonites were, however, dying out, but the precursors of the modern herring were there. On land, the vegetation included mosses, giant ferns and conifers, and also deciduous trees with leaves quite similar to many living to-day. In addition to the reptiles, primitive birds were present and small mammals. Each period, from the Cambrian onwards, is dealt with comprehensively, both in the index gallery in the Geological Department of the Museum, as well as in the guide itself.

It is appropriate to give notice of " The Succession of Life " at this moment, for a new edition has been published, the first edition having sold out in a short space of time—partly through its being widely adopted as a textbook by universities. In this, the main alteration—a marked improvement—includes the addition of pictures of a characteristic animal or plant at the conclusion of each section. Through these, in addition to the maps of the world, showing the face of the earth in former periods and the drawings of



A FOSSIL SQUID FROM THE OXFORD CLAY OF CHRISTIAN MALFORD, WILTSHIRE : *Belemnoleuthis antiqua*—AN UNUSUALLY COMPLETE SPECIMEN IN WHICH CAN BE SEEN THE TENTACLES, ARMED WITH HOOKLETS, AND THE INK-SAC.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

It is, perhaps, what the book represents, rather than its own intrinsic value, which is the more important. In the past, there have been separate galleries in the Museum for separate groups of extinct animals and plants. In one place is a gallery showing fossil fishes ; there, the gallery of extinct invertebrates. Farther on has been a gallery devoted to the giant reptiles, one to fossil plants, and so on. To a large extent, each has been a watertight compartment, having no obvious relationship to the other. The arrangement was convenient and has served its purpose. Furthermore, and in the same way,

selected extinct plants and animals included in the first edition, it is possible to build a very fair mental picture of the vast changes that have taken place over this immense period of time since life began. Whether our appreciation of time itself will be any the more keen—or whether perusal of the book leaves us still, relatively, in the position of the verger and the Norman church, can be decided by individual experience only. At least the authors have done their best to make it otherwise by constant reiteration of the time factor involved, together with repeated tabulation of the relevant data.

**HUMANITY'S BRIEF SPAN IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY REPRESENTED BY A FEW SECONDS ON A**

Members of the human race—"the most egocentric species"—often find difficulty in appreciating how short is the span of man's history (a million years or so) as compared with the immensity of time that has elapsed since the world began. As shown on the clock-face at the centre of the picture, it represents a few seconds only out of the twelve hours taken to indicate the time-span of the earth. To-day, it is generally accepted by the experts that living things first appeared on the earth some 1,500,000,000 years ago. Since then and now, vast changes have been wrought not only in the plants and animals, but in the

geography of the world. Many of the present land areas are formed of rocks laid down under the sea, and from the study of these it is possible to form a fair idea of the changes that have taken place in the outlines of the continents in the course of geological time. That profound changes took place in the past is beyond doubt; and the best information suggests that these changes approximated to the outlines given above in the six maps of the world. It is obviously not possible in the space of two pages to show the positions and outlines of the land masses for every geological period, but this selection gives a slight idea of

DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED

CLOCK-FACE: A CHART ILLUSTRATING THE SUCCESSION OF LIFE AND SOME GEOLOGICAL SYSTEMS.

what they were, and the drawings accompanying each map represent in each case two of the animals distinctive of the period represented. The distribution of the land plants and animals, both recent and fossil, shows that lands now separated by the sea were formerly joined together. Furthermore, by plotting the occurrences of rocks containing marine fossils, it is possible to reconstruct fairly accurately the former extent of seas over areas which are now dry land. On the other hand, the former distribution of land and water in regions now covered by sea is uncertain, since little is known about the rocks on the floors

of the present oceans. It is not long since the geologist would refuse to commit himself to expressing the ages of fossils or of rocks in terms of years. To-day, the radio-activity of the rocks affords a reliable time-measure, and he can speak with greater certainty. Several methods have been used and the results obtained have been remarkably consistent. Moreover, they agree very closely with estimates of time formerly arrived at, based on rates of sedimentation, salinity of the oceans and other more cumbersome methods of calculation. An article by Dr. M. Burton on "Time and the Earth" appears on page 29.



SOME weeks ago I wrote about Canton enamels, illustrating my article with photographs designed to give some indication of the way in which the Chinese seized upon the one minor craft they did

not invent themselves and translated that European technique into their own brilliant and variegated language. The style known as Canton can best be described as painting a picture in enamel colours on a copper foundation and then "fixing" the picture on to its base under heat—a straightforward but extremely tricky operation wherein, in addition to the

FIG. 1. AN EXAMPLE OF MEDIEVAL EUROPEAN CLOISONNÉ ENAMELLING: A TWELFTH-CENTURY RELIQUARY.

"An epitome of the austere, hieratic, majestic tradition of the Eastern half of Christendom" is Frank Davis's description of this twelfth-century reliquary. (Facsimile size.) [Reproduced by Courtesy of the British Museum.]

manifold difficulties of design and of colouring, the craftsman has to control the temperature of his furnace, or kiln, with considerable accuracy. But picture-making in this comparatively uncomplicated way was a late development—late, that is, as things go—and the method which first Chinese (according to one rather vague tradition as early as the thirteenth century, though there is no extant example which can confidently be ascribed to so early a date) was that known as cloisonné, a Byzantine invention which I like to imagine was due to the day-dreams of some jeweller who found a service in St. Sophia too long and allowed his attention to wander to the mosaics on the walls. Cloisonné enamels are, in short, pictures built up in a mosaic pattern—little areas of different colours which are separate units and divided one from another by fences, or *cloisons*, of gold or silver, or gilded bronze. Thanks to these, the colours were prevented from running together and, after firing, the whole surface was smoothed down with pumice-stone. The result is

a more formal and less fluid pattern than by the later method of merely painting a picture. To my way of thinking, the very limitations imposed by this laborious technique do, in fact, produce more satisfactory results—a purely naturalistic design would seem empty by comparison. To many this will seem nonsense: I had better attempt an explanation. Though the analogy is by no means exact, it is worth considering for a moment what happens to stained glass when a notable painter, accustomed to think in terms of his own medium, designs a window. You get the fine picture which Sir Joshua Reynolds designed

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

CHINESE CLOISONNÉ.

By FRANK DAVIS.

for the Chapel of New College, Oxford, but all the time you look at it you feel that he was thinking of canvas rather than of glass, that he did not fully take into account the part which the leads can play in giving emphasis to the design. Inversely, I cannot look at the powerful and remarkable paintings by Rouault, to-day, without wishing they were taken a stage farther and translated into stained glass, so closely do they seem to be conceived as window designs. Now, for the "leads" which separate the various pieces of glass in a mediaeval window, read *cloisons* when thinking of these early enamels. The point I want to make is that once this particular method is adopted, the *cloisons* become something more than a means of preventing different colours from running into one another—they become an integral part of the whole picture and, in fact, form the linear skeleton. It is as if the artist had drawn his outlines first on paper and then coloured the intervening spaces. The *cloisons* are not tiresome hindrances to the design, but the very basis upon which it is built. With what consummate skill this technique was used under the Byzantine Emperors is seen in the little plaque from the British Museum illustrated in Fig. 1, an epitome of the austere, hieratic, majestic tradition of the Eastern half of Christendom. Here, then, is one single example of Byzantine enamelling. In due course many such pieces found their way to the Far East and roused the curiosity of the most ingenious and industrious people on earth. Marco Polo himself and his party could very easily have worn similar charms round their necks when they first wandered through the fabulous kingdoms conquered by Genghis Khan. How the Chinese made use of the method to suit their own

enamelling. It is more than this: it is yet another indication of the Chinese passion for antiquity, for the man who made it was not evolving a new idea—he was merely clothing in modern dress one of the most ancient types of ritual vessel. He had in his mind's-eye a prototype in bronze made 3000 years previously. With other examples we are in a more gentle mood. The so-called pilgrim-bottle shape is common enough during several centuries, and elsewhere than in China. The decoration in a piece of



FIG. 2. ASCRIBED TO THE REIGN OF THE EMPEROR K'ANG HSI (A.D. 1662-1722): A STANDING RAM IN CHINESE CLOISONNÉ ENAMEL. (Height, 12 ins.)

The body of this piece is decorated with bands of repeated rectangular designs in mauve and blue on a darker blue ground. The horns, mouth and feet are of gilded bronze.

which I am thinking—formal enough—is wholly Chinese, indeed characteristically so, for spaced out amid this formal pattern are the Eight Emblems of Happy Augury, those symbols which one meets continually throughout the length and breadth of Chinese art. Here is the list: the Wheel and Flames, the Conch-shell, the Umbrella, the Canopy, the Lotus-bloom, the Vase, the Pair of Fish, the Endless Knot. On this bottle they appear in colours against a ground of turquoise blue. Date, eighteenth century. There is no end to this agreeable good luck and long-life symbolism—for example, the Ling-chih, or sacred fungus, the Swastika and Lozenge, and, best of all, the Hare who pounds up the elixir of life in the moon—meaning, of course, may you live for ever. (How many emperors died through swallowing concoctions guaranteed to ensure immortality?) Then there are the eight Trigrams surrounding the Yin and Yang symbol—the conception of life as the result of two opposing elements, earth and heaven, light and darkness, male and female and so forth. But I am straying into a dark and undiscovered country about which Taoist sages have written more esoteric nonsense



FIG. 3. STANDING ON ELEPHANT-HEAD LEGS: AN ELABORATE CHINESE CLOISONNÉ INCENSE-BURNER OF THE MING DYNASTY (1368-1644).

This elaborate Chinese cloisonné incense-burner has elephant-head legs, and bears a dragon decoration on a mauve ground.

The illustrations in Figs. 2, 3 and 4 by Courtesy of Spink and Son.

traditions is illustrated by the other photographs on this page—and we are far, far removed from the firm linear rhythms and the rigid orthodoxy of the art of Byzantium.

As far as such things can be shown with any degree of precision in monochrome, the standing ram of Fig. 2 exhibits the *cloisons* fairly clearly. The body is decorated with bands of repeated rectangular designs in mauve and blue on a darker blue ground. The horns, mouth and feet are of gilded bronze. The piece is ascribed to the reign of the Emperor K'ang Hsi (A.D. 1662-1722), and is a first-class example of



FIG. 4. ENAMELED IN GREEN, TURQUOISE BLUE AND OTHER COLOURS: A CHINESE CLOISONNÉ JARDINIÈRE OF THE MING DYNASTY (1368-1644).

The maker of this piece, enamelled with variegated lotus plants, cranes, fishes and butterflies, "has expressed his delight in natural things without elaborate symbolism."

than any mediaeval schoolman seeking to interpret Aristotle. Back to simpler, less abstruse pleasures in the noble jardinière of Fig. 4, in which the maker has expressed his delight in natural things without elaborate symbolism. The piece is enamelled with brilliantly variegated lotus plants, cranes, fishes and butterflies. The lower part has a delicate green ground to represent water, while that above is turquoise blue. The design is one of great freedom and movement and has something of the spirit of those paintings of the water-lilies in his garden to which Claude Monet devoted so much time in the closing years of his life.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK; AND THE NEW YEAR HONOURS.



MR. A. V. ALEXANDER.
Created a Viscount. He has been Minister of Defence since 1947 and will continue to hold that office as a member of the House of Lords. From 1940-45, and 1945-46, he was First Lord of the Admiralty.



SIR STEVEN BILSLAND.
Created a Baron for his services to Scotland, where he is prominent in commercial and public life. He was District Commissioner for the Western District of Scotland under Civil Defence Regional Organisation, 1940-44.



MR. JOHN WILMOT.
Created a Baron. He was Minister of Supply from 1945 to 1947, and was responsible for the first draft of the Iron and Steel Bill. Last month he was appointed a member of the National Parks Commission.



DR. L. HADEN GUEST.
Created a Baron. He is Chairman of the Medical Parliamentary Group, and has been Labour M.P. for North Islington since 1937. In 1927 he resigned from the Parliamentary Labour Party, but rejoined it two years later.



MR. T. W. BURDEN.
Created a Baron. He is Labour M.P. for the Park Division of Sheffield, and since 1945 has been the Second Church Estates Commissioner. Was a member of the executive of the Railway Clerks' Association for twenty years.



MR. JOSEPH HENDERSON.
Created a Baron. He is a Lord Commissioner of the Treasury and is Labour M.P. for the Ardwick Division of Manchester. He has been one of the Government Whips since the beginning of this Parliament.



MR. PHILIP HENDY.
Designated a Knight Bachelor. Director of the National Gallery since 1946. From 1936-46 he was Slade Professor of Fine Art, Oxford University. He was Curator of Paintings, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.A., 1930-33.



THE ONI OFIFE.
Awarded an Honorary K.B.E. He is the spiritual head of five million Yoruba people in Nigeria and visited this country in 1948, when he attended the conference of unofficial members of the African Legislative Councils.



MR. H. V. TEWSON.
Designated a Knight Bachelor. He has been General Secretary of the Trades Union Congress since 1946, and a member of the Economic Planning Board since 1947. He was Assistant General Secretary, T.U.C., 1931-46.



MISS J. M. WOOLLCOMBE.
Created a D.B.E. Has been Director of the Women's Royal Naval Service since 1946, having been previously Deputy Director for three years. She was created C.B.E. in 1944. She has served in the W.R.N.S. since 1939.



MME. ADELINE GENÉE.
Created a D.B.E. for services to the ballet. She is president of the Royal Academy of Dancing and has done more for ballet than any other woman of our time. She was born in 1878, and was a star of the Edwardian ballet.



DR. O. A. WHEELER.
Created a D.B.E. She is Professor of Education, University College, Cardiff. An authority on education, she has written a number of important works on the psychology of adolescence and the complexities of the child mind.



MAJOR-GENERAL N. C. D. BROWNJOHN.
To be Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff, War Office, in February. He has been Vice-Quarter-Master-General, War Office, since April last. In March, 1946, he was appointed Major-General in Charge of Administration, B.A.O.R. He was in Germany for three years and became Deputy Military Governor. General Brownjohn, who is fifty-two, is a first-class interpreter in Russian.



"THE SKETCH" CHOICES OF THE YEAR: THE AWARD WINNERS AFTER

THE PRESENTATIONS AT THE SAVOY HOTEL.

"The Sketch" annual awards for outstanding achievements in the fields of literature, the theatre, the cinema, radio and television, were presented by the Editor, Captain J. E. Broome, R.N. (retd.), at a luncheon on December 28. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Mr. Carleton Hobbs, Miss Annette Mills, Miss Berta Ruck (deputising for her husband, Mr. Oliver Onions), Miss Peggy Ashcroft and Mr. Carol Reed. Miss C. A. Lejeune can be seen on right.



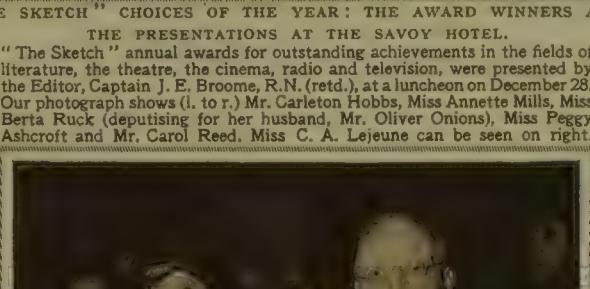
SIR HENRY McMAHON.
Died on December 29, aged eighty-seven. He played a conspicuous part in international affairs affecting the Muslim world, first in India and later as first British High Commissioner in Egypt between July 1915 and March 1916. His correspondence with Sherif Hussein of Mecca was later quoted by the Arabs in support of their claim in Palestine. He was president of the Y.M.C.A. for twenty-four years from 1923-47.



MR. HERVEY ALLEN.
Died at Miami, Florida, on December 28, aged sixty. A prolific American author, Mr. Hervey Allen will probably be chiefly remembered for his long novel "Anthony Adverse," which was published in 1933. His other works included "The Forest and the Fort," "Bedford Village," and several books of poetry.



LT.-GEN. G. W. R. TEMPLER.
To be General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Eastern Command, in February. He has been Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff since February, 1948. In 1942, at forty-four, he was the youngest Lieutenant-General in the Army. Early in 1945 he became Director, Civil Affairs in Western Europe.



SIR MONTAGUE EDDY.
Died on December 22, aged sixty-eight. For many years he was a leading figure in the administration of the British-owned railways in Argentina, and helped to negotiate the sale of the railways to the Argentine Government. During the war he was deputy chairman, P.O.W. Dept., Red Cross and St. John War Organisation.



DR. JOHN E. LOVELOCK.
Killed in Brooklyn on December 28 when he fell in front of a subway train. He was thirty-nine years old and was formerly the holder of the world record for the mile. He was a great athlete who was very popular on both sides of the Atlantic. His record for the 1500 metres in the 1936 Olympic Games still stands.



ENGINEER REAR-ADMIRAL SIR SYDNEY O. FREW.
Has retired on reaching the age limit after 44½ years in the Royal Navy. He was the first engineer officer promoted from the lower deck to attain the rank of Engineer Rear-Admiral and to be honoured with the award of a knighthood during his service.



ADMIRAL R. A. HOPWOOD.
Died on December 28, aged eighty-one. He was a gunnery specialist and also a writer and poet. He was Vice-President of the Ordnance Committee, 1917-18; and General Secretary, Navy League, 1919-22. His publications include "The Laws of the Navy," "The Old Way," "The Secret of the Ships" and "The New Navy."



MR. W. MCCHESNEY MARTIN.
Appointed by President Truman to be United States Executive Director of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. Mr. Martin, former head of the New York Stock Exchange, is Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and will continue in that position, devoting part of his time to the Bank.



SENIOR SUPERINTENDENT F. S. PHILIP.
Giving evidence on Dec. 21 before the Commission inquiring into the Nigerian disorders, he said he was called to relieve the police at Enugu, and that his order to fire was, in his opinion, necessary for safety; and no one was killed by shots from his revolver.

AT THE CHRISTMAS EVE HOLY DOOR CEREMONY IN ROME:
QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN-MOTHER OF BELGIUM.
Among the many distinguished persons who attended the impressive Christmas Eve ceremonies in Rome was Queen Elizabeth, the Queen-Mother of Belgium. She is the widow of the late King Albert and the mother of King Leopold. Last spring her granddaughter, Princess Josephine, stayed with her at the Royal castle at Laeken, Brussels.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

I AM a late comer to the Bunting saga : which is too bad, yet in a sense it doesn't matter at all. For Robert Greenwood's "little man" needs no leading up to. "Mr. Bunting in the Promised Land" (Dent; 10s. 6d.) opens with the outbreak of peace—while our hero is engaged in tacking down the stair carpet. In the ensuing bustle, he forgets the carpet tacks—and steps on them, very painfully, on his way to bed. An ironic overture to an ironic season of happiness.

For of course the Bunting family can't sit back, as they were vaguely, rosily expecting, and enjoy life again. Queues, rations and official permits don't fade away. Whisky is still 2s. 9d. a bottle, and meatless sausages still dominate the bill of fare. Everything, in short, goes on the same, but rather more drearily. And Mr. Bunting has to keep right on worrying ; worry, soda-mints and sleeplessness are his way of life. He worries about the job at Brockleys—though he went back only to oblige, and knows it by heart, and business is completely stagnant. If there is a parcel to be sent off next day, he has to lie awake doing it up. And yet he can't look forward to retirement ; he can't afford it, and dreads the order of release. For all his savings are invested in a derelict garage and a bombed laundry. Chris, for whom he bought the garage, was killed six years ago ; but Ernest, in a prisoner-of-war camp, will soon be home. Therefore, at any sacrifice, the laundry must be rebuilt. And Mr. Bunting wades into the task, and into sheaves of official literature.

But after all, he gets no thanks for it ; to his consternation, Ernest turns the old job down flat. He was always highbrow and "superior," and tensely ambitious ; and now all his plans and dreams are focussed on a Government training grant. Meanwhile, he is exhausting his gratuity, and can't find a house, and couldn't take it if he did. He and his wife and little boy are planted in Laburnum Villa indefinitely. And they are definitely in the way—though Mr. Bunting would not have thought it possible, at the time when Ernest was "missing, believed killed." Even the garage is a source of disquiet ; for though Chris's partner is back there and going full steam, he seems to have picked the wrong direction. However, Mrs. Bunting says they will manage somehow. And she is right, as usual—though, as usual, Mr. Bunting deplores her optimism. This is a lovable, and yet a true story : as Mr. Bunting is a lovable, and yet a real character. It is both funny and pathetic, but never dismal ; even Ernest, in his tension and defeat, escapes dismalness. All in all—we are meant to feel, and do—suburban Kilworth is a good place, and the Buntungs are a loving and happy family. And, whatever highbrows may suppose, their life is not dull.

"The Road Between," by James T. Farrell (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 12s. 6d.), is a story of revolt against the petty-bourgeois—unlike poor Ernest's, a successful revolt. And it is full of dismalness. Perhaps because the scene is America, which, if its own writers can be trusted, is a province of the Waste Land.

Bernard Carr's parents are Chicago Irish, and they both made him miserable ; his father is a drunken bricklayer, his mother a repressed saint. His early struggles are described in another volume. Briefly, he grew up to reject home, Chicago, and the Catholic Church ; he toiled to get himself an education, and determined to write or die. He also made a runaway marriage with an undertaker's daughter. It is the year 1932, and here they are in New York, starving in a garret—or, to be exact, almost starving in a basement room. Bernard's first novel has appeared ; it is called "The Father," and is a study of his own youth, thinly disguised, and certain to give great pain. That does not bother him, but its financial failure is serious. By dunning editors for book reviews, he has just survived, but now Elizabeth is going to have a child. And he will not compromise, or even try to write a best-seller.

Elizabeth can't see why not. She is a gay, bird-witted little thing, fond of Bernard, and sure he will succeed—but why not start now ? Then they could live nicely and have fun. Poor Elizabeth—she is homesick for Chicago, and for Mr. Whelan the undertaker. And Bernard does not really love her, though he pities her and tries to be kind.

His friends, in this uprooted life, are other left-wing Bohemians, mostly Communists. As a rebel, Bernard is drawn to Communism, but he has an ineradicable doubt. And as a novelist he can't surrender his personality, or refuse to feel with individuals, however bourgeois, and however much he dislikes them. A flying visit to Chicago, on his father's death, reveals that even his family are not so bad. Even the stuffy and successful Whelans are not so bad. For they are all unhappy, all are victims of circumstance—all dismal alike. It is a truthful book, observant, and so far interesting : but directionless and grey. And the characters, except for Bernard, are only possible—not, like the more attractive Buntungs, out-and-out fellow-creatures.

"The Cry of the Wind," by Stewart Hunter (Collins; 10s. 6d.), has that consolatory trend in which "The Road Between" is so lacking, but not the pressure of reality. Even the scene, the lonely village of Balhivie, is rather dim. We have a budding writer here too ; his father wants to push him into a job, but the village schoolmaster is coaching him for the university. For Mr. Stronach worships the human mind, and has begun to think of Alan as his life-work. In his own person he is finished ; he drinks and quarrels, and to the minister it is revealed that he has a devil. There are other characters, with stories of their own ; and all achieve peace and harmony. Pleasant enough, but rather dim ; and straining to mental altitudes beyond its reach.

"Murder on the Purple Water," by Frances Crane (Hammond; 8s. 6d.), features another of those corpses that won't be missed. Gerald Deane, an ageing but attractive waster, is stabbed to death on a chartered boat, during a fishing party in the Gulf Stream. He had crashed the party with a young girl, the captain's niece ; and his wife and daughter were on board. After a display of drunken aggressiveness, he went down to the cabin to sleep it off, and someone took a chance and knifed him. It could be anyone, and the captain wants to hush it all up. With that idea, he calls in Pat Abbott—but where the Abbotts are, sensation is sure to follow. If one really minds who done it, the solution is disappointing ; but the fun and games are of the liveliest.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ON, OVER AND IN THE SEAS.

A LONG time ago (or so it seems), a small boy had a prized possession. This was a much-battered volume of "Jane's Fighting Ships." It was filled with all sorts of wonders : with photographs of the *Dreadnoughts* and *Super-Dreadnoughts* with which (it was hoped) to keep the Kaiser and his upstart *Hochseeflotte* in its place. Torpedo-boat destroyers with a kind of cowled streamlining forward ; multipod-masted Americans with rows of funnels and rams on the bows for impressing Togo's Japanese, so dangerously cock-a-hoop since their annihilation of the Tsar's fleets at Tsushima. The wonders could sometimes be reproduced with matchstick and scotchtine and fretsaw and cigar-box wood. (Ah ! pleasant "bad old world," when an empty Havana-redolent cigar-box seemed always available for the asking !) Sometimes (in lead) there appeared reproductions in a Christmas stocking. But always the models seemed to be (as I feel sure, in fact, they were) taken from "Jane's."

It is therefore with a mixture of nostalgia and enthusiasm that I greet the current issue of "Jane's Fighting Ships" (Sampson Low; £3 3s.). This book seems to me to be longer in horizontal shape and a trifle less wieldy than before the war (or is that merely my imagination?). In its foreword, a just tribute is paid to the late Francis Edwin McMurtrie ("Mac" to so many of us), for so many years its editor and to whom Lord Mountevans pays a typically penetrating and friendly memoir. This new issue is compact of information, as usual. There is a scarcely repressed sorrow for the scrapping of so many good ships following on our post-war programme and a slightly ominous, if restrained, reference to the suspension of building on many modern vessels (indeed, the question inevitably arises on this—as over so many matters in connection with all three Services : Are we getting good value for a defence expenditure which by pre-war peacetime standards is colossal ?). By contrast with the decline of the Royal Navy proper it is heartening to find "Jane's" revealing a growth in the size of the Dominions' navies to that of quite respectable pre-World War I. fleets. There is just a delicious hint—as before the war in relation to the German, Italian and Japanese navies—of successful espionage in the descriptions and artist's impressions of the 35,000-ton Russian battleship *Sovietski Soyuz*. And most cheerful of all in a Soviet-darkened world is the revelation that, in spite of large reductions, the Americans still have a "colossal fleet of over 2600 warships"—cheerful, but depressing to those who recall that when "Jane's" was first founded there was no question as to which was the greatest and least challengeable fleet in the world.

However, naval strength rises and falls from century to century. I don't think we realise (as history, like everything else, has been subordinated to propaganda) quite how strong Spain was after the discovery of America—or how great was the achievement (and how great the luck) of Elizabeth's semi-pirates when they beat the Armada. The success of Spain was largely an accident—the accident of the persistence of certain adventurers and dreamers (almost entirely of Italian origin) who braved all ridicule and every danger in order to put their cockle-shells at anchor in American or West Indian bays. Greatest, of course, was the Genoese, Christopher Columbus, whose story, "Columbus Sails," by C. Walter Hodges (Bell; 9s.), was published on the eve of war, went quickly out of print and was forgotten. This vivid reconstruction is admirable in its clarity and so simple and evocative in the telling that it will make an admirable present for the returning schoolboy to take back with him.

Columbus, in Mr. Hodges' story, appears first at the monastery of La Rabida as "a sailor and a maker of maps." The persistence of this map-maker—particularly the dramatic moment when his crew mutinied (as it happened, within two days' sail of the land) has always moved and pleased this armchair explorer. I wish I could say the same about Mr. R. V. Tooley, author of "Maps and Map-Makers" (Batsford; 30s.). Mr. Tooley (confound him) has added to my "if onlyes." That is to say, before I opened Mr. Tooley's book I had confined the list of things which I would collect "if only I were rich" merely to the eighteenth-century school of English furniture, of painting, glass, silver and porcelain, the whole added to an excellent library, illuminated by a first-class cellar and housed in a perfect Queen Anne or Georgian country house, out of the grounds of which I should never stir again. But Mr. Tooley (confound him again) has introduced me to the world of the cartographer, from the Babylonians (who rightly concluded that the world was round) through the Egyptians, and the Arabs and the medievalists, to the exquisite works of art which enlivened each successive age of successful sea-power, and the Italians, the Portuguese and the Spanish, the Dutch, the French and the English.

Many of the early maps were illustrated with fabulous monsters, but surely there can be none that the ancient map-makers imagined as odd, as queer, or as fierce-looking as those portrayed in "Game Fish of the World," by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald and Francesca Lamonte, Associate Curator of Fishes, American Museum of Natural History (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; £3 3s.). The angler in or around British waters is, according to his aspirations, delighted if he lands salmon or trout, or pike or perch in his inland lakes or streams, or even the lordly tunny off the coast of Scarborough. The possibilities of sport with Yellow Grouper, Amberjack, Spotted Weakfish, Tarpon or Black Marlin are unimaginable by him—and Sir Stafford Cripps controls his bank balance and

will remain so as long as his dollars.

But even if he can't fish for them he can read of them in, and dream of them as a result of, this exciting book.

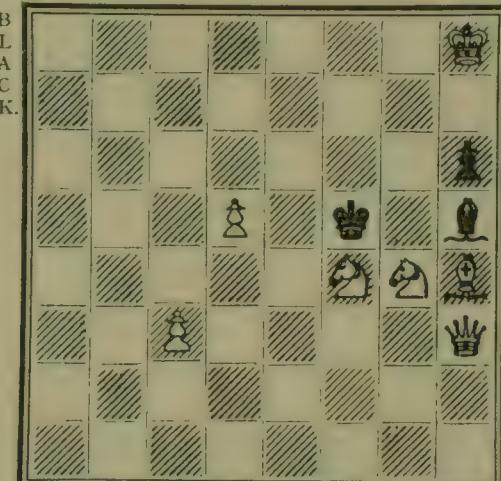
Talking of fish, if you want the last word on "The Goldfish" read the excellent book of that name by G. F. Hervey, F.Z.S., and J. Hems, illustrated by A. Fraser Brunner and embellished by the painting of the goldfish pool at Chartwell by Mr. Winston Churchill. This book, the source of some of the information on the fish that caused the downfall of Cowper's "Selina" which appeared in the Christmas Number of *The Illustrated London News*, is published by Batchworth at 2s. It will be eagerly sought after by goldfish fans—and by those of us who merely admire the glint of their scales and their resemblance (head-on) to some of our political friends.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

Here is a problem by a famous modern composer, T. K. Wigan, specially contributed.



White to play and mate on his second move. The key-move is given at the foot of this article.

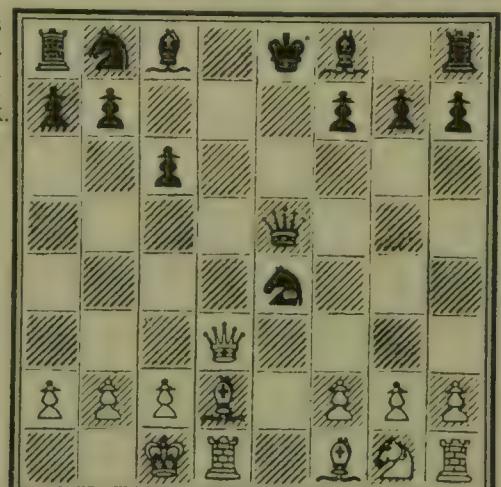
I'm going to give you another famous position this week and, linked with it, a game which itself has claims to be as famous as any ever played ; a casual game between two famous masters at Vienna in 1910.

CARO-KANN DEFENCE.

White : RETI. **Black :** TARTAKOVER.
1. P-K4 ; P-QB3 ; 2. P-Q4 ; P-Q4 ; 3. Kt-QB3 ; P×P ;
4. Kt×P ; Kt-B3 ; 5. Q-Q3 ; P-K4 ? ; 6. P×P ; Q-R4ch ;
7. B-Q2 ; Q×P ; 8. Castles ! Kt×Kt.

A move which illustrates with peculiar force one of the more *human* pitfalls of chess. White's last move leaves a knight to be taken. Tartakover sees that g. R-K1 is quite a plausible answer, decides he can "stand it," and looks no further. Had there not existed this plausible alternative for White, he would undoubtedly have searched a little more deeply and become aware of the yawning abyss of disaster awaiting him.

Now cover the rest of this column below the diagram. Incredibly as it may seem, White can now force mate in three moves. On move No. 11 he gives mate. Can you see how ?



This is how the game ended :

9. Q-Q8ch !!! K×Q
10. B-Kt5

Double check. You can always save time in answering a double check by remembering : your king must move. No capture or interposition avails. But now if 10... K-K1 ; 11. R-Q8 is mate, and if 10... K-B2 ; 11. B-Q8 is mate. Black resigned. A gorgeous finish !

THE KEY-MOVE TO THE PROBLEM IS 1. Kt-Kt6, producing some pretty, open play.

will remain so as long as his dollars.

But even if he can't fish for them he can read of them in, and dream of them as a result of, this exciting book.

Talking of fish, if you want the last word on "The Goldfish" read the excellent book of that name by G. F. Hervey, F.Z.S., and J. Hems, illustrated by A. Fraser Brunner and embellished by the painting of the goldfish pool at Chartwell by Mr. Winston Churchill. This book, the source of some of the information on the fish that caused the downfall of Cowper's "Selina" which appeared in the Christmas Number of *The Illustrated London News*, is published by Batchworth at 2s. It will be eagerly sought after by goldfish fans—and by those of us who merely admire the glint of their scales and their resemblance (head-on) to some of our political friends.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

NEWS FROM ALL QUARTERS : A MISCELLANY OF TOPICAL ITEMS RECORDED BY CAMERA.



BREAKING THE SURFACE LIKE A HOOKED MARLIN : A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE UNITED STATES SUBMARINE *AMBERJACK*, TAKEN DURING RECENT NAVAL TESTS.

During recent tests by the United States Navy off Key West, Florida, the submarine *Amberjack*, of new design submerged to a depth of 150 ft. and was brought up at full speed to break surface at an angle of 38 degrees. The normal surfacing angle is 5 degrees. The Commanding Officer pointed out that this was a deliberate demonstration of the vessel's capabilities, and not a normal manoeuvre.



IN SHADWELL BASIN PREPARING FOR A TEN-MONTHS' VOYAGE : THE ROYAL RESEARCH SHIP *WILLIAM SCORESBY*, WHICH WILL BE USED FOR OCEANIC SURVEY AND RESEARCH. The Royal Research Ship *William Scoresby*, which is due to sail early this month on a voyage of ten months' duration in the southern seas, has been preparing for the cruise in Shadwell Basin. The vessel's most important work will be to mark whales off the west coast of Australia in order to gain knowledge of their seasonal migrations.



COMPOSED OF FIGURES REPRESENTING THE HOLY VIRGIN AND THE CHRIST CHILD AND THE SHEPHERDS ADORING HIM, POSED AGAINST A BROCADE CURTAIN BEARING THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM AT THE TOP : THE BEAUTIFUL CRIB INSTALLED IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL DURING CHRISTMAS WEEK.

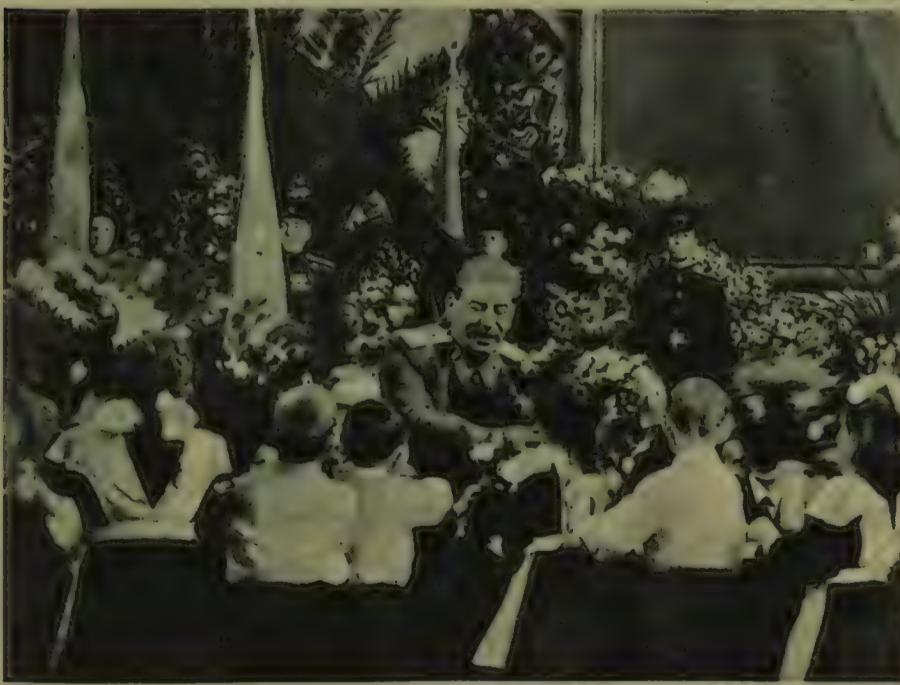


GLASS DOWN—WATER UP: WHAT HAPPENED IN A 2,000,000TH OF A SECOND.

Our remarkable photograph of a falling glass of water, with the water flying upward in a curving fountain at the moment of impact with the floor, before the inevitable smash had occurred, was taken by a G.E.C. high-speed "photolight" throwing a brilliant flash of light lasting only 2,000,000th of a second.



MINUTE IN SIZE AND INCONSPICUOUS IN ASPECT : THE ENTRANCE TO A SICILIAN BRIGANDS' DEN. The tiny, well-concealed aperture shown in our photograph was the entrance to a hiding-place used by some of the brigands who have been terrorising an area near Palermo, Sicily. It contained seven brigands, who were arrested, and a boy whom they were holding to ransom.



TYPICAL OF THE FLOOD OF PUBLICITY PHOTOGRAPHS SENT OUT FROM RUSSIA TO MARK THE OCCASION OF MR. STALIN'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY : THE DICTATOR RECEIVING FLOWERS FROM CHILDREN. Perhaps the most remarkable event in the celebration in Moscow of Mr. Stalin's seventieth birthday on December 21 was the mass meeting when the delegates of the Russian Republics, the vassal States and Communist parties from foreign countries spent 3 hours 15 mins. reading aloud adulatory messages of congratulation and praise of the dictator. A gigantic bust of Stalin was suspended over the Kremlin by balloons and illuminated with searchlights.



A GOLD CUP FOR THE R.A.F. : MR. A. HENDERSON (RIGHT), SECRETARY FOR AIR, HANDS OVER TO AIR MARSHAL SIR B. E. BAKER (LEFT) THE GIFT OF AN ANONYMOUS DONOR. Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder (centre in our photograph) attended one of his last ceremonies as Chief of the Air Staff on December 30, when a gold cup on an onyx base, the gift of an anonymous donor to commemorate the R.A.F.'s part in the Berlin air-lift, was handed over by Mr. Henderson to Air Marshal Sir B. E. Baker, A.O.C.-in-C., Transport Command. The latter expressed the hope that the trophy might be a prize for the highest standard of crew training.

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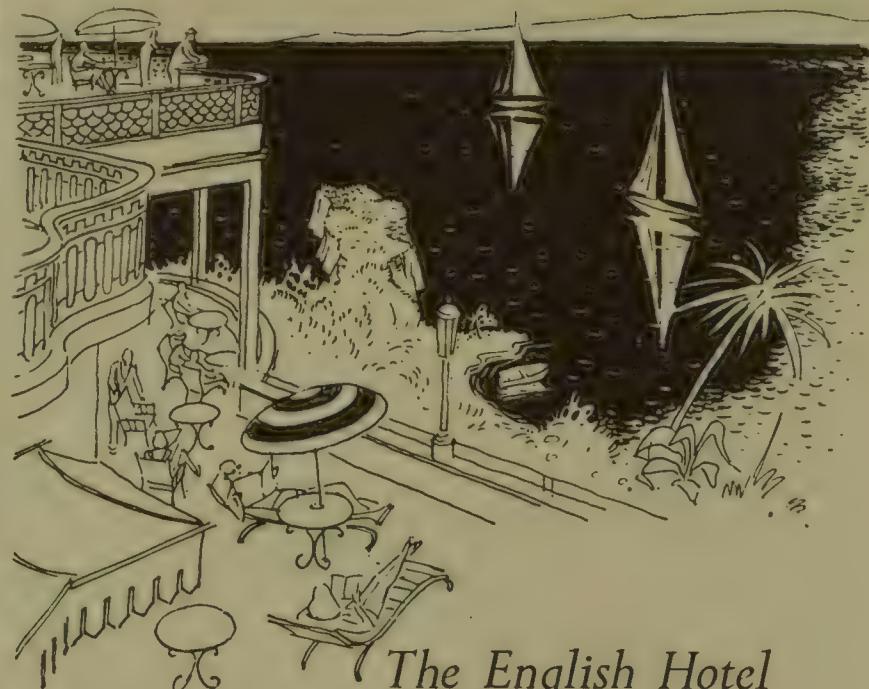


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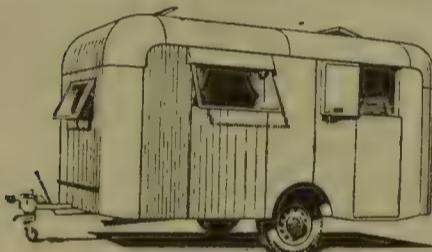
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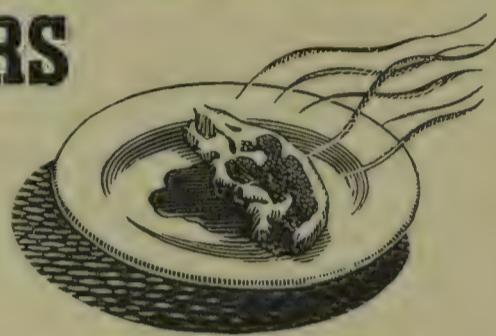
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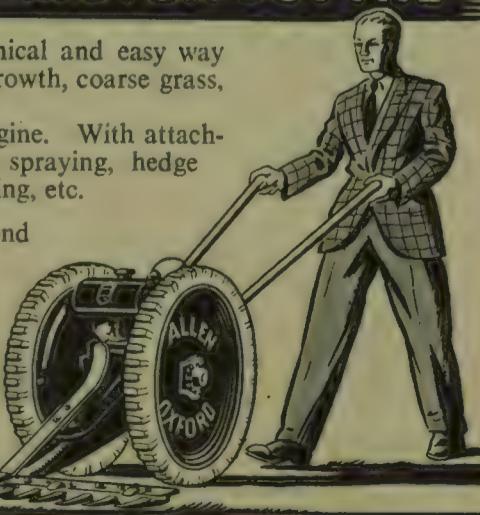
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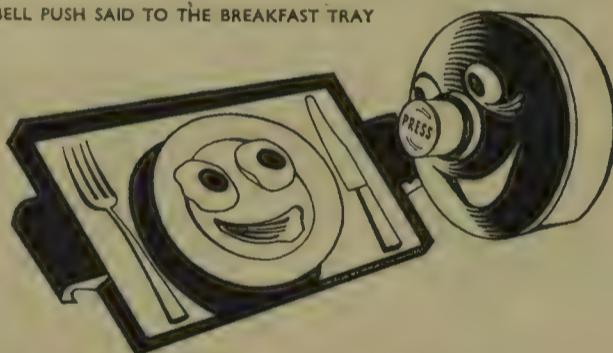
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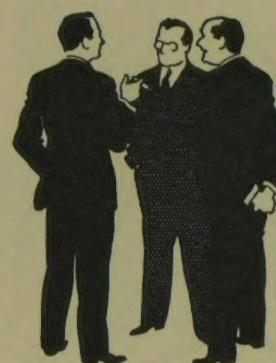
Borage,
mes amis !



George, what's this vegetation ceremony you perform with the Pimm's? Yes, these sprigs of greenery you launch on its bosom? Borage, eh? Oh, you mean *borage!* George, as a barman you have a great future. In your esteemed profession your way with a Pimm's makes you definitely No. 1. I mean, it's a pretty special effort to find something that actually improves the most heavenly drink on earth.

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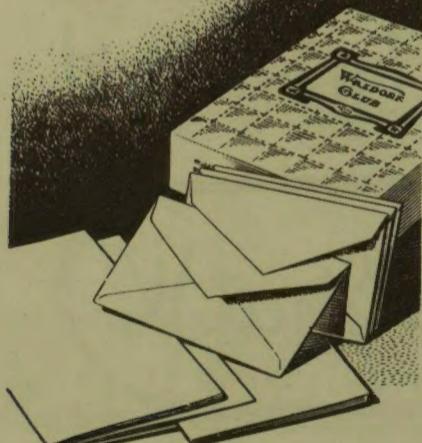
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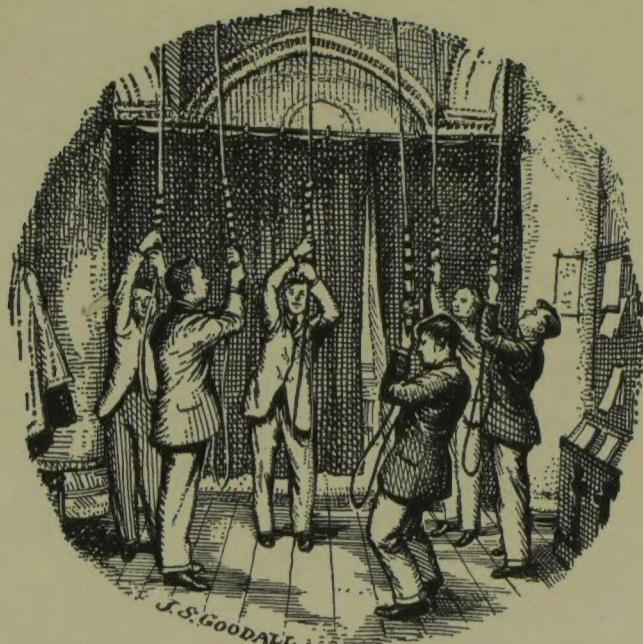


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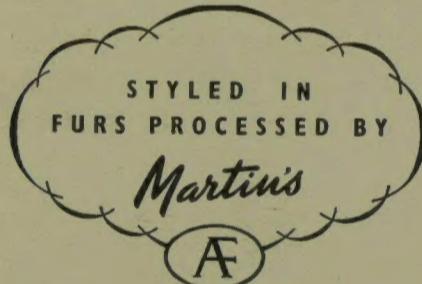
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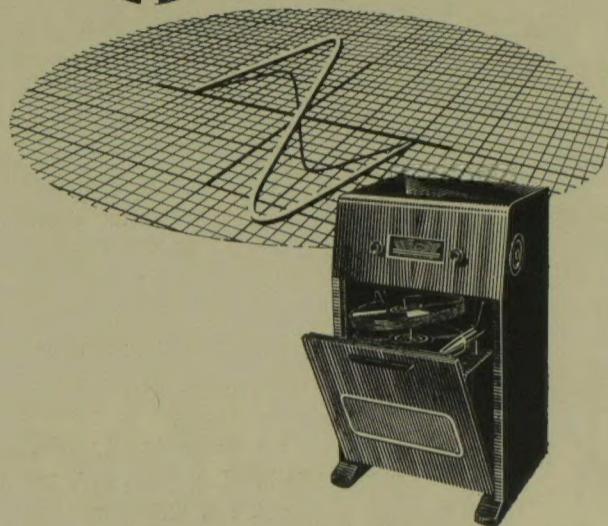
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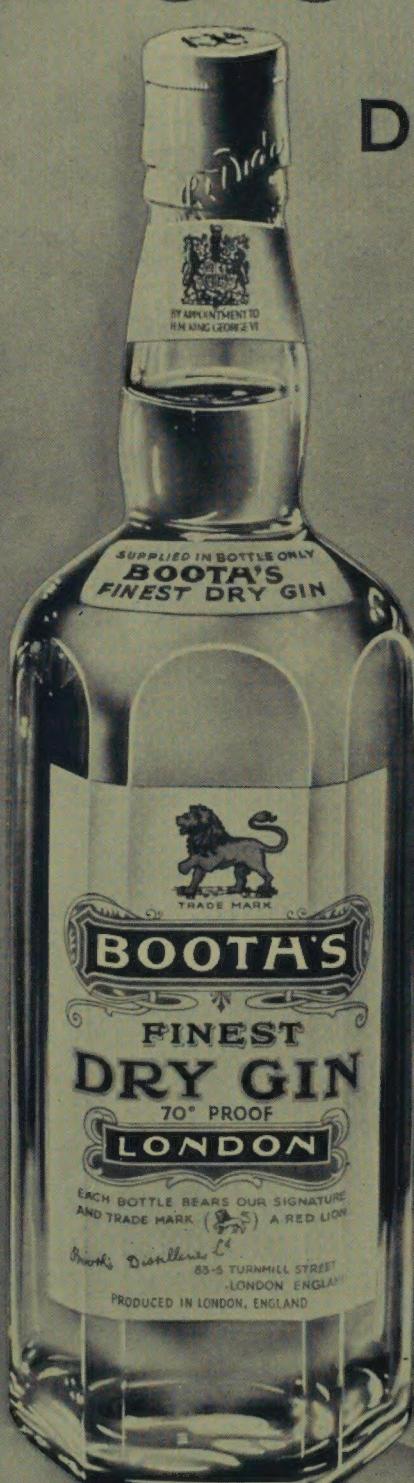
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